EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK | DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885 | NUMBER 542

LIVERY

—AND—

FEED STABLE

—o—

JESSE P. LUDEWICK

Successor to CHAS. DEMENT,

Main Street East Galena, Dixon,

ELEGANT RIGS and stylish horses. Carriages furnished on short notice for all occasions.

A COOD HEARSE

constantly on hand

Terms R asonable

Thos. Dolan & Son

TAILORS.

We keep constantly on hand a full line of

Foreign and Domestic Woolens

Which we will make up at reasonable **prices to suit the times.**

General Satisfaction Guaranteed

Give Us A Call.

At the Old Stand, opposite Opera House, Galena Street, Dixen Ill.

[416m3]

REMOVED.

Spencer & Harden

Have removed their stock to the room recently occupied by L. H Burd,

Where we would be pleased to see all our old customers as many new ones as feel disposed to call.

Telene No. 70.

Dimick's Block, Next to Eberhart & Co.

ATTENTION

Having sold my stock of groceries to WM. H. DEGRASSE. of Milwaukee, it will be to the interests of all my customers and as many others as see fit to call on the new firm.

All persons indebted to me will please call and square accounts.

John E. Moyer.

JOHN GUTHRIE,

Architect and Builder.

Plans and specifications for all kinds of building furnished on short notice. Terms Reasonable. Addres, Dixon, Illinois. Residence in north Dixon, near residence of E. C. Sickels.

John Guthrie.

PARIS

STEAM LAUNDRY!

226 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Benjamin Brothers, Proprietors.

Orders left at Todd's Store, Dixon, will receive prompt attention at home prices, express free.

A. C. & E. F. Benjamin.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—An active man or woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary $75 per month and expenses, or commission. Expenses in advance, Outfit free. For full particulars, address

STANDARD SILVER WARE CO.,
826 534 n1 Boston, Mass.

FINISHED THEIR WORK

ROSWELL P. FLOWER SELECTED AS HILL'S RUNNING MATE.

The New York Democratic View of Civil Service Reform—A Qualified Condemnation of the Law's Execution—Hill Serenaded—His Speech.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Sept. 26.—The Democratic state ticket as completed by the convention, which finished its work Friday afternoon, is, for governor, D. B. Hill; lieutenant governor, R. P. Flower; secretary of state, Frederick Cook; comptroller, A. A. Chapin; attorney general, Dennis O'Brein; state treasurer, Lawrence J. Fitzgerald; state engineer and surveyor, Nathan Sweet.

The most enthusiasm was exhibited over the nomination of Flower. Like Gen. Carr, Mr. Flower had been an aspirant for first place, and had said he would not accept any other office. However his friends declared that he would not decline if nominated, and with great cheering and amid intense excitement, his nomination was made by acclamation.

The platform was read soon after the assembling of the convention, and was adopted unanimously. It begins with the following resolution:

Resolved, That with profound sorrow the Democracy of the state of New York lament the death of the inflexible patriot and invincible soldier, Ulysses S. Grant—[applause]—of whose illustrious career they recognize the fitting crown and consummation in his dying invocation of peace and good will between the heroes he led and the heroes he conquered.

The resolutions then congratulate the Union on the success of the Democratic ticket in the last presidential election, and commend his administration of national affairs, especially in his effort to cleanse the administration of corruption and incompetency, and his appointment of honest Democrats to office. The state administration of Governor Hill is also approved, and the civil service question is met as follows:

We reaffirm the declarations of the Democratic national conventions of 1876, 1880 and 1884 in regard to the necessity of reforming the civil service, but we condemn the actual administration of the existing civil service laws, as the same has been re-executed by the Republican party. They have abused its provisions for the purpose of retaining Republicans in office; they have, through the machinery of the law, formulated tests of eligibles composed almost exclusively of Republicans; they have extended the period during which, by the provisions of the law, those eligible to appointment to office should remain on the register, so as to exclude Democrats from all offices within the rules of the civil service. We ask the commission at Washington be reorganized so that its majority shall be in sympathy with the administration; that both parties be fairly represented on the examining boards; that the present lists of persons eligible for appointment be annulled. While, therefore, proclaiming our approbation of the general spirit which inspired the recent legislation of the federal government and of the state of New York to promote a needed reform of the civil service, we must at the same time place on record our wish and purpose that the proper officers of each department charged with the execution of that legislation be empowered to make suitable rules and regulations to carry it into effect, and shall take care that the constitutional power of the executive and heads of departments to make appointments shall not be impaired, and that the machinery, whatever it may be, for the testing of iligibility shall not be prostituted to unworthy purposes.

The chairman of the platform committee here said there was a minority in the committee which did not agree to the above, but in the interest of harmony would not contest it.

The resolutions further demand the stoppage of silver coinage and favor an international readjustment of the ratio between the precious metals; call for a revision of the tariff on the principles laid down by the national convention, and improvement in custom house methods; oppose contract labor in the state prisons and favor employment of convicts on the state account system, and demand the preference of soldiers before civilians in the civil service of the state and nation.

After the usual provision for state committees, etc., and three cheers for the ticket the convention adjourned sine die.

A Speech from the Nominee.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 26.—Friday evening the Jacksonians of Albany, and the Excelsior Democratic club, of Elmira, marched to the residence of Governor Hill. Col. Gillette, the governor's military secretary, greeted them and introduced them to Governor Hill. After a serenade, the crowd called for Governor Hill, who appeared upon the portico, and said:

"I thank you for this serenade. This indeed is a magnificent gathering of the Democrats of this city. You are here tonight not simply as a compliment to myself, but to show your approval of the excellent work done by your convention. Those who expected broils between the leaders of the Democratic party at Saratoga were disappointed. Those who expected that convention to assail the reforms which its party had inaugurated were disappointed. I think that the work of the Democratic convention commends itself to the Democrats. We did not expect or desire it to please our adversaries. Speaking of the convention work, I also congratulate you on our magnificent platform. It is one of victory. The interests of the soldier and laborer were looked after, but I do not propose on this occasion to discuss the issues of the campaign. I am pleased to meet my personal and political friends."

The clubs then marched into the hall and shook hands with Governor Hill, who then withdrew.

Monument to a Hero.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., Sept. 26.—Friday the veterans of the Thirteenth Massachusetts regiment dedicated, on the spot where the color-sergeant, William B. Morris, of Company C, fell, a monument, consisting of a statue of the sergeant standing upon a pedestal of polished granite, with the colors upon his left arm. The exercises included an opening address by Col. A. N. Sampson, the recitation of an original poem, written for the occasion by Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, and addresses by Cols. Hovey and Leonard. The address of the day was delivered by Capt. James A. Fox, ex-mayor of Cambridge, Mass., and its eloquent periods and telling points were frequently applauded.

The Only Case on Record, Probably.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Sept. 26.—Moses Marrenellah, a converted Jew, died Friday at the county poorhouse. Previous to coming to America, seventy years ago, he had traveled extensively in the Old World. In 1849 he walked to California and for several years worked in the gold mines with some success. For many years he was prominent in religious gatherings and figured hereabouts as a migratory preacher. His age was 106.

The Vice President's Movements.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 26.—Vice President Hendricks left the city on the 9 a. m. train Tuesday for Philadelphia, whence he will go to Atlantic City. After a couple of weeks stay there he will go to his home in Indianapolis and will be absent from the city at least a month.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

A Critical Stage of Affairs—War Feeling in Russia—Preparations.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—The situation has become critical regarding the Roumelian affair. The war feeling in Russia is very strong and the czar is reported to be putting his army on a preparatory war footing in case of emergencies. It is asserted in high Russian circles that any attempt of Turkey to assert her sovereignty in Roumelia by force of arms would bring Russia down on the scene with her armies and result in a great war. The sultan has completely reorganized his cabinet, and the feeling in Europe is very uneasy.

Warlike Preparations.

BELGRADE, Sept. 26.—Twelve Servian battalions have been dispatched southward. The transportation of merchandise has been entirely suspended on all Servian railways by order of the government. Gen. Catargi has gone to Bucharest to represent King Milan in negotiations with the Roumanian government with the object of forming an alliance between Servia and Roumania.

VIENNA, Sept. 26.—The Austrian government is buying up all the available corn and oats in the market for army purposes; many purchases are made at advanced prices.

Rumor of the Murder of a King.

VIENNA, Sept. 26.—A rumor is circulating here that the king of Servia has been murdered. The origin of the report can not be traced and confirmation is anxiously awaited.

England and Austria Agree.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—England and Austria have agreed to participate in the proposed Roumelian conference.

CHICAGO LUMBER ABLAZE.

An Acre of It, Right in the Heart of the District, Burned.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—A fire that, before it was over, involved an acre of lumber, right in the heart of the great lumber district, started about 1 o'clock Friday afternoon in the yard of C. S. Gardner & Co., located on South Ashland avenue. Three general alarms and two specials were sent in and the fire tug and about twenty engines responded. The flames continued to spread, and despite the work of the firemen soon had a foothold in the lumber yard of C. B. Flinn & Co. The yard was full of stock, which was soon devoured by the flames. The fire then communicated to the John Spry Lumber company. By persistent work it was finally got under control, after burning two hours. Two firemen were obliged to succumb to the heat, and were removed. Flinn & Co.'s loss is said to be $100,000, with an insurance of about $60,000. Gardner & Co. suffered a loss of $20,000, and the loss of the John Spry Lumber company is estimated at $6,000.

Other Blazes.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 26.—Fire Friday evening totally destroyed the sheds, outbuildings and machinery of the Niagara press brick works, owned and operated by Messrs. Eichels & Lowenthal. Loss over $20,000; insurance, $8,500.

Let No Guilty Man Escape.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—District Attorney Dorsheimer has sent a reply to Secretary Manning in answer to Manning's letter calling attention to the bribery of customs officers by passengers so that their baggage might be passed without paying duty. Mr. Dorsheimer assures the secretary that "the first person who shall be found paying an officer money and the first officer who shall be found receiving money in contravention of the laws, will be presented to the grand jury and the indictments against them will be promptly brought to trial." He adds that believing that notice of this intention should be given, he sends the communications on the subject to the press for publication.

The Central Pacific Must Pay.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 26.—The secretary of the treasury has issued a circular announcing that all compensation now due, or which may hereafter become due the Central Pacific Railroad company, will be covered into the treasury and one-half thereof applied to the extinguishment of the interest which has meanwhile accrued on the government subsidy bonds, and the other half credited to the sinking fund, as required by the Thurman act.

A Portent in the Sky.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Sept. 26.—An unusual portent appeared in the sky in the northwest regions Thursday night. A huge red meteoric ball rose over Conception bay, and within seven minutes traversed an arc of between 30 and 40 degrees.

POLLARD'S PROCESSES.

HIS RASCALITIES INVOLVE NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS.

Legal Decisions with Which He Deluded the Hoosier Trustee—Hope of His Extradition—Terrible Crime in Illinois—Moses Again.

MITCHELL, Ind., Sept. 26.—The bond swindles of R. B. Pollard and his gang involve nearly $1,000,000. This amount in Indiana township bonds is known to be on the market, and how much more may be involved is only a matter of guesswork, and the full extent of the swindle will probably never be known. Eleven township trustees are volved, and their issues of bonds will average over $50,000 each. A local lawyer who is familiar with the circumstances says: "Pollard is no doubt the keenest rascal that ever operated in Indiana. He was born somewhere in Vermont, and became notorious as a sharper through his dealings as a lightning-rod agent. He was constantly involved in law-suits, and was engaged in so many difficulties that he led a precarious existence. About four or five years ago he came here.

"Pollard's first idea on the bond swindle was evolved from a supreme court decision cited on page 515, volume 81, Indiana reports, in which Judge W. A. Woods, of the Indiana supreme court, holds: 'That a township trustee has authority to buy school furniture for the school township, and to give the promissory note of the corporation therefor; and payment can not be resisted on the ground that the goods were not needed and the price too high, unless fraud is shown, nor then without an offer duly made to return the goods.'

"Another case bearing on the validity of township bonds Pollard cited was that of Henry Miller, administrator, vs. White River School township, Gibson county, not yet published except in The Indiana Law Magazine, Vol. 5, No. 1, page 27, in which Judge Hawks holds 'that the two sections of the statutes 6,006 and 6,007 have no application to the ordinary debts incurred by trustees for furniture, apparatus, and other supplies for schools.' Pollard carried this law with him, and his dupes believed every word he preached, and he had no trouble in convincing bankers, brokers, capitalists, farmers, and statesmen that his bonds were as good as gold.

"It remains for the supreme court to disentangle the situation. In part responsible for the origin of the swindle by its decision giving the trustees the pretext for running their townships into debt, that supreme legal body must now deliberate on the momentous question, as to who shall pay the bill in these gigantic and stupendous frauds.

Governer Gray is decidedly in favor of bringing Pollard from Canada if possible. He said that if Mr. Pollard had committed any forgeries affidavits should at once be made to that effect, with a view to his prompt indictment, so that he may be brought back to this country, as forgery is one of the few crimes that are covered by our extradition treaty with Great Britain. Pollard, he said, had tried to debauch this entire state, and every lawful means by which he can be brought to justice should be employed.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 26.—Thomas C. Hewitt, of Chicago, arrived here with a large amount of township orders indorsed by Pollard, $1,000 of them purporting to have been issued by Trustee Kitz, of this township. Hewitt said he came to see if the orders were genuine, but the trustee pronounces them forgeries. In all essential features they are precisely like the $3,500 worth of warrants held by the defunct Jennings county bank which have already been pronounced bogus.

THE MISTAKES OF MOSES,

He of South Carolina, and Their Grievous Results.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—In the superior criminal court Friday forenoon, ex-Governor Franklin I. Moses, of South Carolina, pleaded guilty to a charge of swindling Fred L. Ames and others. Moses went to the residence of ex-Mayor Samuel C. Cobb, Jan. 24, 1884, and represented that he was W. R. Simon, of Charleston, S. C. He claimed to have had his pocket picked while on his way from Montreal and all his money stolen. He obtained $40 from the ex-mayor. The same day he went to the residence of Alexander Williams and gave the same name and made similar representations, receiving $26. On April 27 he went to the residence of Fred L. Ames and represented himself to be John S. Preston, of Charleston, S. C., made the same representations and received $50. He then went to Chicago, where he tried the same game, but escaped through some flaw in the law and went to Detroit, where he practiced the same trick, was arrested and served six months in jail. At the completion of his term he was arrested and brought here. He finished serving a sentence in August at Cambridge for obtaining money from Col. T. W. Higginson under false pretenses.

ATTACKED WITH A KNIFE.

An Illinois Miscreant Kills His Wife and Nearly Kills His Daughter.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Sept. 26.—J. C. Thompson, living at Sodorus, near here, quarreled with his wife and daughter recently and the two women left their home and came to this place to live. Late Friday afternoon Thompson suddenly appeared in the house where they were residing and attacked them both with a huge knife, inflicting a terrible and fatal wound in his wife's throat. While making a desperate attempt to cut his daughter's throat, assistance came to her rescue and Thompson fled. A thoroughly organized party is now on his track. The physicians say there is some hope of saving the daughter's life.

Villainous Incendiary Plot Discovered.

CHICAGO JUNCTION, Ohio, Sept. 26.—Thursday City Marshal Crowe was informed by a girl, employed as a domestic at the Central hotel, that she had been approached by a fellow servant girl who informed her that the proprietor, one Pelton, had written her from Defiance, Ohio, threatening that unless the hotel was burned by 12 o'clock Thursday night he would discharge her; the girl who received the letter added that unless the other girl helped her in carrying out Pelton's orders she would cut her heart out. A watch was set, and at 1 o'clock Thursday morning the girl was arrested, just after she had saturated a part of the second story with gasoline, preparatory to firing it. Pelton was arrested on his arrival here Friday morning.

A Plea for Free Fish.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 26.—The Boston fish bureau, an organization composed of the principal wholesale dealers and commission merchants in fish, of this city, issues an address appealing to dealers in and consumers of fish throughout the country to aid in impressing upon congress the importance of the free importation of fish from the British provinces. The address asserts that many kinds of fish needed for our consumption are no longer to be caught in American waters and argues that the tariff upon Canadian fish benefits 100 New England vessel owners only.

Legal Brethren at Fisticuffs.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept.—During the trial of a case Friday in the circuit court the opposing lawyers, J. E. Heller and H. N. Spaan, became involved in a quarrel, when Spaan charged Heller with uttering a falsehood. Heller immediately jumped over the table and proceeded to "do" Spaan up with a chair, who seized another chair to defend himself. The chairs were smashed, Spaan received a blow in the face and the spectators separated the contestants. Both were fined for contempt.

The Fight Goes Bravely on.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 26.—The contest over the surgeon generalship of the marine hospital service is still raging. Dr. Walling one of the candidates for Dr. Hamilton's place, arrived here Thursday. Friday ex-Senator MacDonald and Senator Voorhees called upon Secretary Manning in the interest of Dr. Walling. The impression that Dr. Hamilton's resignation will not be accepted and that there will be no change made is gaining strength.

Divorced by the Balloon Route.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—Lillian Norton, the well known singer, recently petitioned for a divorce from her husband, Frank A. Gower, of Brookline, Mass, on the ground of abusive treatment. Gower obtained a postponement and went to Paris, where he made a balloon ascension. Nothing has been heard of the balloon or of him. Mrs. Gower has now gone to Paris to claim his estate, which is valued at $3,000,000.

Bad Railway Accident.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 26.—Three coaches of a passenger train, containing over 100 persons, were thrown down a high bank near Warm Springs, N. C., Friday. Twenty people were injured, William Connelly, J. H. Wenning, and Miss Broyles, of Asheville, fatally.

Not a Bonanza in It.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 26.—Postmaster McLoer Friday examined forty-seven boys with a view of securing a corps of special mail messengers to deliver letters under the new 10-cent delivery act, which goes into effect Oct. 1. The postmaster explained that they might make $30 a month and no more, but might make less. They would get 8 cents for every letter they carried, but would have to pay their own expenses. Orders are already being received for the special stamps, and everything points to a liberal patronage of the new system by business men.

A Change in the Dominion Cabinet.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 26.—The following changes have taken place in the personnel of the Dominion cabinet: Sir Alexander Campbell, minister of justice, is succeeded by Judge Thompson, of Halifax, N. S. Sir Alexander has become postmaster general in place of Mr. Carling, who takes charge of the department of agriculture, Mr. Pope, minister of agriculture, retiring to take charge of the railway department, which portfolio has remained vacant since the retirement of Sir Charles Tupper.

Falling Off in Foreign Trade.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 26.—The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total values of the imports of merchandise during the twelve months ended Aug. 31, 1885, were $571,235,943, and during the twelve months ended Aug. 31, 1884, $657,871,316, a decrease of $86,635,373. The values of the exports of merchandise during the twelve months ended Aug. 31, 1885, were $722,765,461, and during the preceding twelve months $735,018,792, a decrease of $12,253,331.

Married Before 30,000 People.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Sept. 26. At the Onondaga county agricultural fair which closed Friday with an attendance of 40,000 people, Marshal [illegible] Emma R. Knapp, of Lafayette [illegible] married on a raised platform. The ceremony was witnessed by at least 30,000 people. They received presents from at least a score of the business men of Syracuse. It was one of the most novel and interesting features of the fair.

Santos Asks for $100,000.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 26.—Dr. Santos, whose release from prison in Ecuador was recently secured by the state department, arrived in this city Friday morning, and called at the state department for the purpose of securing assistance in pressing a claim of $100,000 against the government of Ecuador. He claims that his imprisonment was solely for purposes of blackmail, and that he was released upon the demand of this government.

THE TELEGRAPH.

DIXON, ILLINOIS.

FRESH FASHIONS.

Hints and Suggestions Concerning Styles for Ladies and Gentlemen.

NOTES OF MANY NOTIONS.

What Will be Worn This Fall by Fashionable People—New Materials and New Colors.

Silks, Satins, and Velvets.

The autumn display of American silks shows a return to old-fashioned and beautiful shades for full-dress party occasions; a warm, rich cream-color, peach blossom, sapphire-blue, a bright golden-brown, canary, lilac, Nile-green, a light-blue and pale-blue, maize, rose-pink, a delicate cream like the soft rosy hue of the heart of a tea-rose, and a white with a pale golden glint, amber and pale Chartreuse green that comes again. All of these colors are seen in a new and exquisitely fine brocaded crape, in which black is included, as light as gossamer. A new crinkled crape, also of American manufacture, is twenty-four inches wide; the colors are dark and light bronze, dark beige, drab, pink, lavender, Leghorn, cream, and white. Satin-faced brocade is new in rich cream and other charming shades for ball or party costume; the figures are large arabesque designs, and pyramidal foilage of oriental plants and flowers, as lilies, pomegranates, palms, and minaret shapes. Satin duchesse takes on the same evening shades as above. Faille Francias reappears. Very rich black Sicilienne is as soft and yielding as cotton, possessing the richest luster. The favorite tricotine weave in perfect imitation of Jersey cloth, and possessing the same durability, returns in all the new and old shades. Rhademir silks and satins are unusually heavy; of this style, sapphire-blue is the favorite shade; there are also other tints of golden brown.

The rich, warm colors of the velvet are unsurpassed. These show three shades of bronze, three of brown, myrtle, four of garnet, two of cardinal, blue, and blue-green, and superb black, and blue-black. The heavy plushes, for upholstering purposes, are of a rich black, and also in ten shades of one color, and ten colors each in two and three shades. Striped silks and satins show strongly contrasting colors, the stripes to the ground and to each other. The extraordinary reaction that took place in the spring for ribbons, still continues, showing five grades, three of satin and two of gros-grain. The new silk handkerchiefs for gentlemen, instead of hems, have an imitation in delicate colors of fine vines, or arabesques and tiny flowers. For kerchiefs are the softest crape in all the fashionable quiet colors, including black; this delicate texture admits of more graceful folding about the neck than silk.

The American manufacture of pongee is softer, and has more pliability in its silky texture than the Chinese. There is, besides, a warmer shade in the rich cream-color.—*New York Tribune.*

Gentlemen's Coats.

The recent cool wave, with its chilly evenings and mornings, has brought the fall overcoats again into use, and the clothing men are displaying their stocks in that line much earlier than they expected to. The light overcoat has in fact left its summer quarters in the stock rooms, and now clings closely to all the big-breasted dummies which stand in military pomp in front of the leading establishments.

The fall overcoat this year will have a fly breast, be of soft goods, lined with silk. The Venetian corkscrew, melton and pin-check worsted cloths, will all figure upon the backs of stylish young men. The fashionable coat will scarcely touch the knee, but the real fast young man's will probably end three or four inches above where the trousers legs get bagged. The dizzy little jacket overcoat, which frequently revealed the tails of the dude's dress coat in New York last winter, has been turned down and labeled "unpopular." Public scorn was the disease that caused its death, and it was too small to take out on a cold night, anyway.

What the clothing men expect to take in the line of winter overcoats is a long, straight garment of moderately heavy cloth, with a cape for the shoulders. This coat buttons up close to the neck, and reaches within six inches of the heel. It was brought out last season, but was not generally worn. The Newmarket coat will remain in style for long, slim men, and the straight, single-breasted, heavy coat of medium length is always good.

A new style winter overcoat is being gotten up, but it hasn't been given a name yet. "We will call it 'English, you know,'" said a clothing dealer, yesterday. Large stocks of foreign ready-made overcoats have already arrived in this country, and they are distinguished by such names as: The Kilifat, Prince Charles, the Linster and Brighton. There is nothing to distinguish the Kilifat coat from Buffalo Bill's garb, save that it will be worn by tender-footed citizens.

In undercoats the four-buttoned cutaway will be used on semi-dress occasions; the Prince Albert will always be used where swallow-tails are not quite the thing, while for business the single and double-breasted jackets, with "patch" pockets, will be worn. Many of the jackets will be made of plaids.

"On the whole," said a leading merchant, "the styles are becoming better every season. Of course, the eccentric young men overdo everything."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Fans and Gloves.

Tinsel is not as popular for ordinary dress trimmings and bonnets, but is now largely used for evening robes, wraps, and in the smaller articles of a woman's toilet. Many of the handsomest fans are decorated with it, the black ones looking especially attractive. The tinsel is put on in arabesques in fanciful designs, and the edges of such fans have full feather trimmings surrounding them. Some of the largest fans, and those which are most expensive, are painted in oils and water-colors, not only in designs of flowers and fruits, but in landscapes. Round feather fans in pale colors, such as blue, pink, and fawn, are fashionable. They have big bunches of ribbon tied to the handle. Pearl embroidery trims most many of the newest white satin evening dresses. The embroidery is usually accompanied by lace of fine quality, which is also embroidered. For the neck and wrists of morning and traveling dresses, the inside fold is now of repped pique cut on the bias, and measuring an inch and a quarter in depth. At least an inch of the fold shows above the collar of the dress—a severe style that is not becoming to many.

Gloves are being made of Russian leather, the smell of which is so admired; they have three thick rows of stitching up the hand. The color of the Russian leather gloves is not so red as the natural shade of the leather, and it is dyed in a variety of sober tints. Ladies have taken to them, especially for riding and driving, but they are also worn with walking and traveling costumes. They are remarkably durable, and effectually protect the hands.

New Materials.

The new materials for autumn and winter wear are already displayed on the counters of our large dry goods stores. Infinite variety, harmonious blendings of dark, rich, bright shades, and a fancy for rough-faced fabrics, are the signs which she who runs may read. Looking closer, it is evident that the reign of velvet and lace is to endure, and that combination suits will, if possible, be even more fashionable than ever.

Very few suits will be made entirely of one fabric. Of all the fancies shown each has its matching cloth, and tailor-made suits are of a subdued stripe, plaid or check, in somber colors, with plain cloth matching one or other of the checks or stripes. In Paris the passion is for stripes—plain stripes, fancy stripes, Pekin stripes, narrow stripes, and broad stripes in every possible combination of color and material.

The hue of the hour is bronze—all the bronzes, indeed—brown, copper, and green. There is a new sapphire, so called, which is really the old *gens d'armes*, and this, in combination with brilliant copper tint, forms some of the most striking brocades of the season.

There is a noticeable falling off in the popularity of garnet. The new reds are for the most part vivid in tone, or dark with russet tints, like autumn leaves. Guilt is *passe*; still, golden tinges are many, especially in shot effects, and bronze *d'or*, the beautiful golden bronze, still holds its own.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Odds and Ends.

Red veils are as popular as ever.

Redingtres are the rage in Paris.

The days of flounces are no more.

Blue Angola lace is worn over red dresses.

White frocks, are worn to excess in England.

Black satin will be superseded by black silk.

Full chemisettes or sailor colors with drapery are of silk.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Some Selections for the Little Ones to Read and Profit by.

GOOD SCHOOL WITHOUT BOOKS.

Other Selections Made with a View of Interesting and Instructing the Children.

Tale of Twelve.

We are twelve sisters gay!
Our number isn't small,
But in our ample home
There's room enough for all!

In temper, and in taste,
We do not all agree,
So we have been arranged
In companies of *three*.

D. J. and F. lead off,
In wild and merry sport,
They skate, and slide, and coast,
And build the snowy fort!

Two Ms. and A. come next.
They scold and sulk and smile!
And when they've done their work
They play a little while!

Then comes two Js. and A.——
A sunny, happy crew!
Warm-tempered, to be sure,
But loving, kind, and true!

Then S. and O. and N.—
Most favored ones of all!
They play when nuts are ripe,
And when the apples fall!

Now, children, who are we?
Can anybody say?
We've danced and played with you
Full many a happy day!

—*Mrs. R. N. Turner, in Youth's Companion.*

Grandpa's School.

Although Grandpa Brown was nearly 70 years of age, still he was not too old to teach a queer little school for the benefit of his grandchildren.

At precisely 3 o'clock every Saturday afternoon grandpa tinkled his little hand-bell, and in five minutes there were seated in a row before him five wide-awake grandchildren, three girls and two boys.

The pupils brought no books to study, but before taking their seats they deposited slips of paper in grandpa's hat, on which were written certain questions that he was to answer. These questions were upon any subject the children might select, but they usually had reference to something heard, seen, or read, during the week, and the children were always on the alert for a puzzle question. Perhaps a description of the exercises upon one afternoon may prove interesting.

As soon as the children were all seated, grandpa put on his spectacles, took his hat from the table, and, opening the first paper, he read as follows:

"Dear Grandpa—The past week I have been learning from an old sailor how various kinds of knots are tied, such as reef knots, loop knots, figure-eight knots, etc.; now this sailor says he can teach me to tie all kinds of knots but the 'Gordian knot.' Can you tell me what that is, and how to tie it?—FRANK."

"Ah," said grandpa, when he had finished reading, "that is a hard question, indeed; I could tell you better how the 'Gordian knot' was severed than how it was made."

"That will do just as well," replied Frank.

"Well," said grandpa, "the 'Gordian knot' was made by a rustic King of Phrygia, named Gordius. The cord was made from the fibrous bark of the cornel-tree, and the knot fastened the ox yoke to the pole of a wagon which King Gordius had used. The knot proved so intricate that no one could untie it, or even find where it began or ended.

"The oracle had declared that he who should untie the knot should be master of Asia. Alexander the Great was resting his army after a battle in the city of Gordium, about the year 333 before Christ, and he determined to untie this celebrated knot, but, not being successful, he became impatient, and, striking with his sword, he severed the knot with one blow."

"That is a good story, grandpa," replied Frank; "the next time I see the sailor I must tell him all about it."

The second slip was then taken from the hat, and the question was this:

"Grandpa is it right to throw stones at frogs?—Julia."

When this question was read, Willie and Frank looked troubled, as though guilty of such conduct. Grandpa did not appear to notice this, but remarked that frogs were quite sensitive to pain, and he thought that no pupil of his would be guilty of pelting frogs. Then, turning to Frank, he said: "I wish you would bring a frog to school next Saturday, for I want you to see what a peculiar tongue it has."

"Is it forked like a snake's tongue?" inquired Frank.

"No, my son, but you know that the tongue of most animals lies with the tip pointing towards the lips; now the base, or large portion of the frog's tongue, is jointed to the point of the lower jaw, and the tip points down the throat. So, whenever the frog catches an insect, it is quickly thrust back into the throat by the tongue, and its fate is sealed."

The third question was from Emily. It was this: "Grandpa, can the people on the moon see the earth?"

"It is not known," replied grandpa, "whether the moon is inhabited; but if so, the earth must present to them all the phases that the moon presents to us, only in a reverse order. For instance, when we have a new moon they have a full moon. Only one side of the moon is turned toward us; therefore the moon's inhabitants upon the opposite side must have to take long journeys to take a peep at our planet, but it would doubtless well repay them, for the earth would look, when full, fourteen times as large as our full moon."

"Wouldn't it be a grand sight? I wish I could see such a large moon as that," said Emily.

Mamie's question was in regard to the echoes. She had been in the woods with some of her friends the day before, and when they shouted the sound was repeated, sometimes in one syllable, at other times in two. Her question was this: "Can more than two syllables ever be heard as an echo?"

Grandpa replied that "when several parallel surfaces are properly situated the echo may repeat backward and forward many times. For instance, in Virginia, there is an echo which is said to return twenty notes played upon a flute, and at Woodstock, England, there is one which repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night. When the exclamation 'ha!' is quickly and sharply spoken, there returns back a 'ha, ha, ha!'"

The last question was from Willie. He was a growing, hungry boy, and could not believe that persons might suffer more from thirst than from hunger.

He writes: "Grandpa, is water more important to life than food? I have eaten five meals since yesterday morning, and I haven't drinked a drop of water; now, I am not thirsty one bit, but I feel as though I could eat two meals at once."

"You may not have drinked clear water," replied grandpa, "for two days, but do you not take milk with every meal, and haven't you eaten apples, melons, potatoes, and turnips since yesterday morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied Willie.

"Well," said grandpa, "all of these things contain a great amount of water, and that accounts for your not being thirsty. Our bodies are composed mostly of water, and will suffer extremlly if it is not supplied in some manner. Water is so plenty that we do not realize its worth. Eliza Cook well says:

"'Traverse the desert, and then you can tell
What treasures exist in the cold, deep well;
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
And then you may reckon what water is worth.'"

—*New York Observer.*

Juvenile Wit.

A boy at school, on being asked to describe a kitten, said: "A kitten is remarkable for running like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there."

"Ma, am I all made now?" said a little miss of 3 and one-half years, at the breakfast table, yesterday morning. "Why, dear?" said the fond mother. "Because I have had my ears pierced, and was vaccinated yesterday," said little Tot.

Ethel's mother was telling her about the angels and Heaven. "And when we get to Heaven will we have wings like the angels?" asked Edith, eagerly. "I suppose so," replied her mother. "What! and eat worms, like the birds?" inquired Ethel, in a tone of great disgust.

Mamma—"Now, Katy shall choose a wedding-present herself, to send to Cousin Addie, from all these little pieces of statuary. Which one will Katy choose? Some of these figures of little girls?" Katy (in tears)—"I shan't have any of 'em. There isn't a single one that has tucks in her skirt."

A very quick child made an observation to her teacher, one day, which had a great deal of truth in it. "How is it, my dear," inquired the lady, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered, with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have not time to understand."

That terrible child—Effie (to Mrs. Bellweather, who has just been speaking of Mr. B.) "Why, Mrs. Bellweather, I thought you hadn't any husband!" Mrs. B.—"Why, of course I have, Effie. Do you mean to say you don't know Mr. Bellweather?" Effie—"Yes, but I didn't suppose he was your husband. I thought you hadn't any. Papa said you married for money, and that was all you got."

A RAIDER'S STORY.

How Gen. Morgan and His Comrades Escaped from the Ohio Penitentiary.

In July, 1863, Gen. John H. Morgan made a raid into Ohio and Indiana. He had with him a force of 4,000 men, and he threw Ohio and Indiana into a state of wildest excitement. The larger portion of his command was captured July 21, at Kyger's Creek, on the Ohio, and Morgan and 500 others were captured five days later, three miles south of New Lisbon, Ohio. On the 1st of August, Morgan, Basil W. Duke, and sixty-eight other officers of the raiding force, were confined in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. On the 28th of November following, Gen. Morgan, Capts. Thomas H. Hines, J. C. Bennett, L. D. Hockersmith, C. S. Magee, Ralph Sheldon, and Samuel B. Taylor, escaped from the prison and made their way into Kentucky.

The question of whether the prisoners had outside help or not has been discussed for more than twenty years. The manner of getting away from Columbus has also been much romanced about. Capt. Hines, who planned the escape, tells the whole story in the *Southern Bivouac.*

The prisoners were locked in cells at night, but during the day spent the most of their time in the hall into which the cells opened. Capt. Hines had been reading Victor Hugo's "*Les Miserables*," and it occurred to him that there must be air passages under the floor of this prison as well as those in Paris. As a preparatory move Hines volunteered to sweep his own cell, and by keeping it neat and clean escaped the ordinary daily inspection. Work was begun November 4, in Hines' cell, with knives made of flat steel files secured through men in the hospital. The prisoners, working one at a time, cut through six inches of cement, took out six layers of brick, put in and cemented with ends up, and came to the air chamber six feet wide and four feet high, running the entire length of the range of cells.

Finding the chamber heavily grated and otherwise secured at the end, the prisoners worked a tunnel at right angles under the cell of Hines, cutting through the foundation wall of the cell block five feet, through twelve feet of grouting, to the outer wall of the east wing of the prison, through this wall six feet in thickness and four feet up, near the surface of the yard, in an unfrequented place. Passages were cut from this tunnel to the cells of the men detailed to make the attempt to escape. Hines communicated with friends in Kentucky through discharged convicts, and money was sent him concealed in the back of a favorite book. But the scheme for escape was kept secret from all outside and all inside except those taken into the confidence of the projectors. Several who did not escape assisted in the work to prepare the way for the escape of their fellows.

On the night of November 27 the prisoners left their cells at 12 o'clock, entered the tunnel, and, breaking through the thin stratum of earth at the end of the tunnel, came out near the female prison, crawled along the wall to a wooden gate, got on the wall at this point by means of a grapping-iron made of a stove-hook, and a rope made of bed-ticking, passed along the wing wall, which was not guarded, to the main wall, and descended to the ground outside, not sixty yards from where the prison guards were conversing around a fire.

Morgan and Hines went at once to the depot and took the 1:15 a. m. train for Cincinnati. Morgan seated himself near a Federal Major, and conversed easily as the train passed the penitentiary, and on the way down. Hines and Morgan left the train at Ludlow Ferry, on the outskirts of Cincinnati, crossing the river in a skiff to the residence of Mrs. Dudlow. There they make themselves known, and were kindly received, and were assisted by friends in making their way through Kentucky. They crossed the Tennessee river December 13, having been joined by twenty-five men of Morgan's old command. After crossing, Hines was captured, but succeeded in leading the Federal calvery away from Morgan, who, with four or five men, escaped. Hines was held a prisoner a few days, and then escaped from the camp of the Third Kentucky Infantry, and made his way to Dalton, Georgia, reaching that place December 27.

It was believed at the time of the escape that there had been some connivance on the part of prison subordinates or guards. Capt. Hines states that all plans looking to the securing of assistance from guards or through bribery were abandoned because the organization and discipline were against possible success in that direction.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A MATCHLESS STORY.—One in which here are no weddings.

THE TELEGRAPH.

DIXON, ILLINOIS.

THE DRAMA.

The Latest Intelligence About Theaters, Plays and Players.

ACTORS WHO HAVE RICHES.

The First Negro Minstrels—Something New About the Pattis—Green-Room Chit-Chat, Etc., Etc.

Actors Who Have Riches.

In spite of the enormous salaries actors and actresses receive, there are few who, when out of an engagement, are not at their wits' ends to know how to live. The lavish manner in which they spend money when they have any, and their poverty when circumstances are against them, have become proverbial. But still there are several prominent on the stage who are not improvident, and who have been for years quietly amassing fortunes. One of the wealthiest members of the profession is probably Lotta. She is reputed to be worth between $250,000 and $500,000. When she first entered the profession she had great difficulty in keeping her money. Somehow or other it all went, and frequently she was in great straits. Gradually, however, she acquired business habits, and then with care she made her fortune. She has money invested in a variety of ways; in bonds, stocks, real estate, and in fact almost everything that will pay. Fanny Davenport has always been careful of her money, and has amassed a fortune of from $75,000 to $100,000, and is making more very fast. Minnie Palmer is another who has accumulated wealth. She has a great fancy for diamonds, and will come onto the stage almost covered with them. Report says they are worth nearly $100,000. The Cleveland gem, which she recently purchased, cost $40,000. She is worth about a quarter of a million. Mrs. Langtry has only to step onto a stage and she literally picks up money, and when she gets hold of it is very careful about taking care of it. How much she is actually worth is not known, but she is constantly investing money in New York real estate, and one occasionally hears of $10,000 having been lavished on her in the shape of presents, by some admirer who has more money than brains. Emma Nevada, the young American prima donna, although only having recently made her debut, is quickly piling up wealth. When in this country she received $1,000 for each performance in Italian opera. Adelina Patti's wealth is fabulous. She has attained the highest notch in the operatic profession, and can now command $5,000 for a two hours' performance. She must be rolling in wealth. Only recently she paid $200,000 to be rid of her late husband, the Marquis de Caux, and has offered $50,000 to Nicolini's wife to let him go, too, so that she may have him all to herself. She owns a large number of jewels, has a castle and estate in Wales, and travels about in the richest style possible. Lillian Russell is perhaps as badly off as any of the conspicuous ones. She has received a great deal of money, but it has slipped away like water. It is said she has debt without end. Rose Coghlan, although not one of the very wealthy ones, has a good stock laid by for a rainy day. Rose may have to use some soon if she attempts to carry out her starring mania. Henry E. Dixey (Adonis), is one of the latest to acquire wealth. He is almost coining it, but by all appearances it will not last long. He spends his money like a millionaire.

The First Negro Minstrels.

In 1834 "Hey Jim Along, Jim Along Josie" was sung by John Smith, or 'Nigger Jack," as he was called. Smith was afterward identified with circus companies, and died a few years ago in Melbourne. He was the originator of the double song and dance business. Coleman, Frank Brower, and Dan Emmett, did some song and dance work at the Franklin Theater in New York in 1844. John B. Gough sang some negro songs and comic character songs at the same place of amusement. In 1843 the first band of minstrels was formed, and gave a benefit performance at the Bowery. They then effected complete organization, and opened at the Chatham Theater. The artists were Frank Brower, as bones; Billy Whitlock, banjoist; Dan Emmett, fiddle, and Dick Pelham, tambourine. They appeared between the play and farce at the Park Theater a few nights, and then went to England; but the tour was a failure. From this crude beginning sprang all the bands of later days. A circus agent, James Dumbleton, caught on to the idea, and organized a band consisting of Gill, Pelham, White, Harrington, Stanwood, and others. They were called the "Ethiopian Minstrels," and created a furore when they went to England. They were the first to give a first part; that is, to appear in full dress as it is done at the present time. Christy then came to the front, and maintained the palm for many years. The Christy Minstrels were organized in Buffalo, by E. P. Christy. Dick Hooley, Earl Pierce, and George Christy, whose real name was Harrington, were members. In 1843-44 they made the rounds of the cities, but wisely located in New York. E. P. Christy made a fortune of $400,000, but went insane for fear the war would sweep away his property, and killed himself. George Christy, after making a large amount of money, died in poverty. John Diamond was the first white boy who ever danced a jig with a black face. P. T. Barnum picked him up, and made a great deal of money with him. Diamond, however, was a rascal, and was sent to prison for theft, and finally died a drunkard. A negro boy, Juba, from South Carolina, was the greatest jig dancer that ever appeared before the public. Charles E. White is the oldest living performer who has made burnt cork a specialty. Dan Gardner was a famous "negro" performer, and a favorite clown. His daughter married Edwin Adams. The first man who ever played on the banjo in public was Joe Sweeney, and his banjo was a gourd with four strings. —*Keynote.*

The Pattis.

This is what a New Orleans customer said to Bessie Bernard, who "gives it away" to the *New York Mirror:* "The family I was best acquainted with was the Patti family. I knew them all well, and was an intimate friend of Adelina's mother, who was a splendid actress. Amelia Patti, who married Strakosch, was little short of an angel; but Adelina was a little demon. Amelia, as you may perhaps know, was married to Mr. Starkosch in New Orleans, at the Jesuits' Church, and I was present at the marriage. During her engagement here she ordered, on short notice, a green satin dress from a Canal street modiste. Two hours before the performance she sent for me to come immediately. I found her crying as if her heart would break, over the dress, that turned out to be a great botch. I dried her eyes, and fixed the dress, and that evening she made me sup with her. She always left six opera tickets for me every night in her room, under the candlestick. She was a sweet, good woman. Ah, *mon Dieu*, what a contrast to the fiery little Adelina.

"When Strakosch first brought Adelina to New Orleans she was 10 years old. She ruled the whole country. Everything she put her black eyes on she insisted upon having, and would take no denial. I remember one time she wanted something absurd and impossible. Strakosch tried to pacify her, and said:

"'Do be reasonable, my child, you cannot have it.'

"She flew at him like a little tigress, swore she would not sing a note, and then threw herself on the floor and screamed until she was black in the face. She disappointed him in two concerts that way. One cause of my dislike to her was her ill-treatment of her family, and especially of Amelia. Adelina was under engagement with Strakosch for a European tour, and refused to go unless he would leave his wife in New York."

Green-Room Chit-Chat.

Minnie Palmer will become Mrs. John R. Rogers just before starting on her trip to Australia.

The best American make-up for Napoleon I. was the late Junius Brutus Booth, Edwin's eldest brother.

It is said that Benjamin Wolff, the author of "The Mighty Dollar," has already realized over $25,000 from royalties on that play.

Miss Tilbury, daughter of Lydia Thompson, is a very talented and pretty girl. She has joined Mary Anderson's company in London, and will accompany her to America.

Lawrence Barrett has a fine repertoire, and has the field for himself now. Irving is gone, and McCullough is out of the profession. Booth treads upon no one's toes, and so Barrett will be "cock of the walk," with Keene and Sheridan in his train.

It is announced that the American tour of Judic will close her stage career. She began as a ballad-singer, and in one city arose to be queen of Vaudeville comedy. Judic has saved her earnings, and is now a comparatively wealthy woman. She was married in 1868, and has one daughter.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Matters and Things in Which the Fair Sex Are Specially Interested.

THE EXCEPTIONAL WOMAN.

Girls and Women as They are Estimated and Educated in Far-off China.

A Love Song.

A. D. 16—.

When I go
From my place
At your feet
Sweet,

Being by,
I but hear
What you say—
Yea,

All I know
Of your face
I recall—
All.

Naught am I
But an ear
To the word
Heard.

Being by
(In the net),
I forget—
Why?

Then I go,
And the grace
Of your face
Know.

—*Austin Dobson, in Harper's Magazine.*

It Struck One.

Grandma—"Clara, do you think your mother would approve of your sitting up so late?"

Clara—"Why, grandma, it was only half-past ten when Frank left last evening."

Grandma—"Clara, your grandma happened to be awake just as Frank was leaving, and didn't she hear him say: 'Now, Clara, just one,' and didn't the clock strike immediately?"—*Chicago News.*

Profoundly Ignorant.

"Oh, Harry! What a beautiful birthday present! I am glad to know that you didn't forget me. Pure gold, isn't it?"

Harry (her betrothed)—"Yes, darling."

"And the case is just superb. It isn't a charm nor an ear-ring, for you would have bought me a pair. I never saw anything like it. What is it, Harry?"

"It's a thimble."—*Philadelphia Call.*

An Extravagant Woman.

Mrs. Col. Yerger has a dreadful tongue. A few nights ago she and her daughter retired at an early hour, the latter being in an adjoining room, Col. Yerger having gone to the lodge. Mrs. Yerger was in a bad humor, and gave her daughter a fearful tongue-lashing. Miss Yerger stood it for a good while, but at last she called out:

"Mother, for God's sake, give yourself a rest. If you keep this up much longer, you will not have anything left over for pa when he comes home from the lodge. Don't be so extravagant, ma."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Exceptional Woman.

The exceptional woman may do what she will; the lists should be as free to her as to her brethren in competing for the prizes of honors and success. She may preach the gospel, or practice law as well—or as ill—as a man; but the sensible average woman will attempt neither. Genius is its own law, and does what it must; but talent, ordinary ability, does what it can, as a modern poet tells us. The original Mrs. Peak, mother of the large family of Swiss bell ringers, traveled with her children for fifteen or twenty years, and educated them on the road, and an intelligent, refined and beautiful family they were; but that is no argument in favor of peripatetic homes. Mrs. Peak was an extraordinary woman, and succeeded in conditions when the average woman would have failed. The "superfluous" woman—her name is not legion—the Jills who refuse to tumble down hill after their clumsy Jacks—may also be left to select their own careers, with the earnest protest that all ways be freed from obstructions. The men who would bar out woman by force from any employment she chooses to engage in have set the seal of inferiority where it justly belongs—on themselves.

Girls and Women in China.

From a financial standpoint, raising daughters in China is far more profitable than raising sons. There is almost a sure return for every dollar invested, and frequently heavy interest in the former, while the latter are often accompanied with loss. Wives are not bought in China. The young husband simply makes a sort of general redemption in presents to the good mother-in-law for the trouble incurred in bringing up her daughter. These innumerable courtesies and frequent redemptions often cost the unfortunate husband 100 per cent. more than the wife would bring if put up at auction. Even then there are many who would pay double the amount expended to return their wives without comment on the bargain.

Most American writers labor under the erroneous impression as to Chinese social life, suggested in the trite remark, "The Chinese are partial to the male infants, and that the females are not much thought of." These I quote from Gutzcaff. There is, perhaps, no nation except Turkey in which the females are less seen and less known than in China. Their absolute exclusion from the public gaze, both in the street and at home, makes them strangers to their own race. This is so true that I can safely say that married men in China do not know the opposite sex, except through their own wives. Womanhood is so sacred that it is shut in and begirt by prejudices and customs more completely than by a Chinese wall.

Women associate with women, and men with men, upon all occasions, and under all circumstances. This is stringently carried out in all well-regulated Chinese families. Even brothers and sisters are not allowed to eat at the same table, but have their separate servants and meals. In China private dwellings are built in such a manner as to prevent visitors of the opposite sex from meeting or even seeing the women of a family. Under these circumstances, it might seem difficult to describe the Chinese women and their treatment. But the condition and treatment are formulated by the common law of China. They have been taught, generation after generation, at school and fireside, and have become the public and private law of the land. Exceptions are treated as misdemeanors, and punished accordingly. The girl of Pe Chi Li is brought up on the same basis as her sisters in Shanghai.

With all due respect to the demagogues and bigots, I am certain that the health of the average Chinese girl and woman is superior to that of their occidental sister. The fashionable doctor of the great cities of Christendom would starve in the populous capitals of the Middle Kingdom. In respect to domestic comfort and happiness the Chinese paterfamilias stands head and shoulders over the American. While in the store and office the husband rules supreme, in the house the wife is lady paramount. From babyhood she has been trained in household duties. The government of servants, the rearing of children, and the management of the home are to her household words. From the wedding day she is, to combine the slang of the Orient and Occident, both boss and joss of the family. It may, therefore, please the leaders of woman's rights organizations to know that in our land woman reigns supreme in all domestic relations. While women are educated, and well educated, they cannot gain literary honors like men. Their culture is what is required by and for the family. In cooking, marketing, medicine, music, art decorations and belles lettres they are universally well informed. In science, business, politics, and statecraft they are ignorant to the last degree.

Their education is practical, as well as theoretical. The educated girl paints, embroiders, raises silk worms, makes, spins and weaves silk, carves, enamels, grows fine vegetables, or breeds animals for the markets, and thus frequently makes a good living for both herself and her parents. Many of the handsomest robes and most beautiful tissues in the New York market are from the hands of young girls of good families in China. Where, in America, a thousand women have mastered the Jacquard loom, a million have in China.

The most important part of her education is that which concerns personal conduct. Neatness, courtesy, and cleanliness, the arts of holding the tongue still (an unknown art, it would seem, in the New World), of preparing an enjoyable meal, and of managing a home—these are the first requisites of feminine culture. Her knowledge of medicine is aptly represented by that gained by the lectures given in this land on the "first aid to the injured," and is rather the knowledge of a professional nurse than that of a physician. Her *savoir faire* is developed partly by home experience, and partly by visits to her grandmothers, aunts and sisters. Manners are a broader term in China than in America. They include affection, self-sacrifice, devotion and forethought, as well as that of address and good language. The recognition and appreciation of all of them is a religious, as well as a social and personal duty. A Chinese wife and mother fulfills the functions of her office both from the fear and awe of Budah, and from the love she bears her husband, children and family.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE abolition of the drum-major in the French army is resolved on. He is no longer necessary, because several other instruments are now proved able to beat the drum.

YOUR neighbor is anyone to whom you do good.

A SPEECH PRESERVER.

Some Valuable Hints to Orators, Young and Old.

All the books on oratory that have ever been written omit the only important rule for an orator to observe. This rule is of service to all speakers, good, bad and indifferent, and practically is worth more than all the rules of Quintilian, Whately, Quackenboss, and their kin. It aids the best speaker, and prevents the worst from making a fool of himself.

This is the rule: Begin to study, think over or commit your speech to memory at its end, not at its beginning.

The prosperity of a speech depends upon its prerogation, not its exordium. Indeed, to begin stumbling and to end flying is itself a clever trick of rhetoric, and makes an agreeable climax. A speaker oftener begins flying and ends in a slough. The reason is obvious: he has thought out the first part of his speech clearly, but he trusts to the syren inspiration for the rest.

A striking instance: During the oil excitement, years ago, I passed a few weeks at the city of Pithole, Venango County. An election was held while I was there, and two or three thousand men gathered before the main hotel, the only spot where you could stand an hour without sinking over head and ears in mud. Here thick planks had been laid in the street, on which the sidewalk looked down from a height of five feet.

The street, for a hundred yards, was crowded thicker than a sardine box with an oily mass of good-natured rapscallionadoes, while millionaires, swindlers and men of genius thronged the sidewalk.

In a nascent society most men who can write their names are eager to make their mark. The occasion seemed inviting to so generous an ambition. Look! there is Plum McCalmott; he is thinking busily how he can stamp the general mind with his own seal. A moment later he advanced to the edge of the sidewalk, and in answer to calls of "Speech!" "Speech!" stretches forth an arm whose grace would make a pump handle envious.

During half a dozen sentences he holds his audience spellbound; but, alas! he does not know my rule. He has begun at the wrong end. Like the carnal philosopher, he is trying to reason from the known to the unknown. Look! he has got to the end of his memory; he falters, he stumbles, he catches at a sentence, at a word, at a breath, A derisive laugh greets the nascent statesman. Some one pushes him from behind; he totters a moment on the edge of the sidewalk, over he goes, and disappears like a brick in an oil tank.

Five more statesmen after McCalmott, all of them heavy purses and big brains, rose and fell like rockets, each in as many minutes. What would they not have given for my rule?

Suddenly Todd, Barnes, Gregory, and other mischievous spirits, called out my name, and before I could refuse I found myself pushed to the sidewalk's perilous edge. Fortunately my instinct had forewarned me of danger, and I had thought over a dozen sentences with which to end a speech.

Like Plato, and all great reasoners, I began with the unknown. I floundered about a few minutes in the infinite, and was about to be pushed headlong into the human flood, when I let fly a sentence I had committed to memory. Then, after dallying awhile with danger, I began the closing part of my speech, and ended like the blinding lightning.

The audience were delighted, and had I wished to grow up or rather grow down with the country—for of the five thousand then inhabitants there remain but a baker's dozen—I might have become a justice of the peace and of the quorum.—*William Washburn, in Indianapolis Sentinel.*

HENRICO ENLIGHTENS ANDROMEDA.

"We could not do without the doctors, girl, for they are merry fellows in their way, and please us oft with rare experiment. Then there be nostrums 'neath the firmament, which, having been begot in nature's way, need that we give them sometime patronage, and but for these same doctors, winsome wench, the world would little know their noxiousness. So let them be—these doctors and their ills! 'Twere so like heaven if they were not here, that there'd be no need of change, and then for ministers we'd have no use, since gone would be all future speculation."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A PRACTICAL SUITOR.

He was a cheeky lawyer, and she a woman of property. Said he:

"Do you love me?"

"Indeed, indeed I do," she murmured.

"Well, one 'deed' will be quite enough," he said, "if you will put it in my name.—*New York Journal.*

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Sunday School.........12:30
Young People's Sunday Prayer meeting.........6:00
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.........7:30

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Located on Peoria street, between Second and Third.
Class meeting Sunday morning.........10:00
Public services,.........10:40
Sunday School,.........12:00
Weekly Prayer Meeting Wednesday eve.........7 30
Young Peoples meeting Tuesday eve.........7.30
Everybodie's meeting Sunday eve.........6 30
Preaching Sunday evening.........7:00

CATHOLIC CHURCH,

REV. FATHER GRAY, PRIEST.
Located corner Seventh and Market streets.
Morning services.........8:30
" ".........10:30
Vesper; afternoon.........3:00
Sunday Shcol.........20:8

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. JOHN WILKINSON, PRIEST
Located corner Third and Peoria streets,
Morning service.........11:00
Evening.........7:00
Sunday School.........9:30, A. M
Communion, first Sunday of each month, after morning prayer, and third Sunday of each month at.........8, A. M

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

REV. L. L. LIPE, PASTOR.
Located corner Second and Hennepin streets
Morning.........10:45
Sunday School,.........12, M.
Evening service,.........7:00
Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.........7:30

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

E. C. SICKLES, PASTOR.

Located on ... street, between Galena and Ottawa.
Morning service,.........10:45
Evening ".........7:30
Sabbath School at the close of morning service.
Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening.
Missionary Meeting last Friday of the month.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

REV. L. M. ANDREWS. PASTOR.
Located corner Hennepin and Second Sts.
Services every Sunday, morning and evening.
Seats free. All are invited.

TO STRIKE OR NOT,

IS THE QUESTION THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR CONSIDER.

Whether It Is Better to Take a Whack at the Union Pacific or to Suffer Ah Sin—The Girls' Long Contest.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 26.—Meetings of the Knights of Labor were held at Omaha Faiday night, and the attitude of the Union Pacific regarding the Chinese question was discussed until a late hour. It is said that the determination was arrived at to demand that the Union Pacific dismiss all Chinese from its employ by the 15th of October or take the consequences. The rumor, however, lacks confirmation. It was reported in the streets that the Union Pacific had been notified to that effect, but inquiry at the general manager's office at a late hour showed that no such notice had been received. Harroway, a member of the executive committee of the Knights of Labor, from Pittsburg, is in town attending secret meetings. The miners at Rock Springs are not leaving as fast as expected. Most of them are there yet waiting for developments, and it is reported that they are running out of money and will soon be in destitute circumstances.

RAWLINS, Wy. T., Sept. 26.—It is learned from official sources that there will be no strike on the Union Pacific railway. The reason given is that the Knights of Labor, by organizing the strike, would practically indorse the killing of the Chinese at Rock Springs. So they have determined to settle the trouble by more peaceable means. Rumor, however, gives other reasons, one of which is that the Knights of Labor executive committee for the Union Pacific district have been bought up by the railroad company. Another is that the order finds itself too weak to carry out a strike successfully. The Chinese are all at work in Rock Springs mines, and considerable coal is being turned out.

A HARD-FOUGHT FIGHT

Won by Strikers—A Contest of Over a Year Settled.

LYNN, Mass., Sept. 26.—In July of last year the female stitchers employed by Gustavus A. Austin to work on shoes struck for the discharge of an obnoxious forewoman. The fight has been a bitter one. The Knights of Labor have boycotted the goods of the firm and for months a banner warning away workmen was borne up and down before the door of the shop, and the "scabs" who took the strikers' places were mobbed on their way to and from their work. Friday the contest was decided in favor of the strikers by the resignation of the forewoman, and the boycott will be removed. Few of the strikers will return, most of them, long ago having found employment elsewhere.

Cleveland Troubles Not Over Yet.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 26.—Notwithstanding the concessions made by President Chisholm, of the Cleveland Rolling Mill company, the strike is not over. A committee of idle workmen, accompanied by the mayor, called on Mr. Chisholm Friday with a paper which they wished him to ... y demanded that every striker be taken back; that proper notices be made hereafter when reductions in wages are proposed, and that Mr. Chisholm hereafter listen personally to the grievances of men who think they have been discharged without reason. Mr. Chisholm agreed to all the demands except the first. He says that ... the ... 4,000 strikers 1,000 will have to seek employment elsewhere, as the mills would not be run to their greatest capacity. The company had been out of the market for ... that a new trade

would to be worked up. The committee was satisfied with the interview, and returned to Newburg. A meeting of the strikers was held at the town hall in Newburg. It was decided that all should remain out unless all were given an opportunity to return to work.

Illinois Colliers Striking.

ROCK ISLAND, Ills., Sept. 26.—The coal-miners' strike, which has been in progress in this county for the past three weeks, still continues, without any prospects for an immediate settlement. Some of the men desire to return to work, but they are intimidated by the majority, who force them to remain idle by repeated threats. Although no violence has yet been offered, it is feared that desperate measures will be resorted to if a satisfactory agreement is not soon reached.

PINCKNEYVILLE, Ills., Sept. 26.—For the past few days the mines and salt works of Halliday & Co., at St. Johns, in this county, have been closed, and the miners out on a strike for ½ cent per bushel more for coal-digging. The stopping of the mines necessitated the shutting down of the salt-works for want of coal to run them.

Taking Advantage of Circumstances.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 26.—The street car conductors and drivers have been dissatisfied for some time at the relatively small wages paid them, and have determined to assert themselves and by a masterly effort secure the privileges which hitherto have been denied them. At a meeting Wednesday evening, fifty new members were enrolled. It is now proposed to strike on Monday, Oct. 5, the inaugural day of the fair. The result of such a movement would be disastrous, and the presence of 60,000 strangers in the city would serve to stimulate mob law and create a reign of terror that has never been equaled here.

The Cigarmakers.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 26.—At the Friday afternoon session of the cigarmakers' convention the special committee on investigation of the Cincinnati affair submitted its report sustaining the president's action in suspending the offending unions, Nos. 4 and 30. The report was adopted unanimously. A resolution was then introduced to reinstate the unions to the international organization. After considerable debate the ayes and nays were called and every member answered in the affirmative. The delegates from unions 4 and 30 then presented their credentials and were admitted. Adjourned.

WANTS TO BET TEN THOUSAND.

The Owner of the Dauntless Proposes an Ocean Race—Sporting News.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—The yacht Dauntless is undergoing slight repairs to fit her for the race over the Cape May course. Her owner, Mr. Caldwell H. Colt is deeply chagrined over the poor showing his yacht made against the Genesta in the Brenton Reef race and comes out with an offer to wager $10,000 that the Dauntless can beat any yacht, here or abroad, in an ocean race from here to Europe, or vice versa. The Genesta preferred. Mr. Colt accounts for the defeat of the Dauntless through the ill luck she had in catching a strong wind at the start. She lost seven or eight hours through squalls which the Genesta escaped, considerable of which she regained in the return sailing. With a strong wind and a heavy sea, Mr. Colt expects to prove the superiority of his yacht over the Genesta in the Cape May race.

Coursing for Cash.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—The first race at Brighton Friday was ¾ mile; Becky B. first, Archbishop second, King Robin third; time, 1:17¼. Second race, 1 mile; Cardinal McCloskey first, Frolic second, Fellowplay third; time, 1:44. Third race, 1⅛ miles; Tom Martin first, Dutch Roller second, Highflight third; time, 1:56¼. Fourth race, 1¼ miles; Punka first, Nettle second, Leman third; time, 2:11¼. Fifth race, steeplechase, over the short course; Judge Griffiths first, Odette second, Will Davis third; time, 3:12¾.

CHICAGO, Sept., 26.—The first race at Washington park Friday was the unfinished race for The Chicago Horseman stakes, best three in five, mile heats; Omar won, James G. second, Gertrude C. third; best time, 2:25¼. Second event, mile heats; Manzanita won, Silverone second, Eagle Bird third; best time, 2:23¼. Third race, double team, mile heats; Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium first, Charley Hogan and Adelaide second; best time, 2:18¼, being the fasted on record. Last event, 2 mile trot of Fanny Witherspoon to lower her record of 4:45 made in Minneapolis. She accomplished the feat, making it in 4:43.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 26.— First race, ¾ mile heats; Conkling first, Gleaner second, Hermine third; time, 1:16, 1:16¼. Second race, 1¼ miles; Monogram first, Emma Manley second, Lady Wayward third; time, 2:11¼. Third race, 1¼ miles, all ages; Keene first, Powhattan second, Lucky B. third; time, 2:38¼. Fourth race, ¾ mile; Grimaldi first, Sir Joseph second, Moonshine third; time, 1:16¼. Fifth race, 1 mile; Forest first, Doubt second, Crow Wallace third; time, 1:45.

STOUGHTON, Mass., Sept. 26.—Friday morning Mrs. Mark Lathrop was assisting her husband in ploughing. Two bulls, one of which was somewhat vicious, were hitched to her plough. A neighbor, Mrs. McCourt, came into the field and one of the bulls butted at her. Mrs. Lathrop attempted to ward off the blow and received a savage thrust in the bowels, which completely disembowled her. There is slight hope for her recovery.

Neglected to Close the Switch.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 26.—A passenger and a coal train on the Wheeling division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad came into collision at 10 o'clock Friday morning near Bovier Hill, the conductor of the coal train having neglected to close the switch when taking the siding. An unknown passenger was badly injured, and the engineer and fireman of the passenger train seriously cut and bruised.

Will Have to Strangle.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 26.—The supreme court Friday morning refused to grant the motion for leave to file a petition in error in the case of Patrick Hartnet, wife murderer, sentenced to hang at the Ohio penitentiary next Wednesday morning. The governor also refused to commute the sentence to imprisonment for life

Base Ball.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—League ball scores were reported Friday evening as follows: At New York—Buffalo 1, New York 15; at Milwaukee—Chicago 21, Providence 3. American association clubs had the following scores: At Baltimore—Pittsburg 5, Baltimore 10; at Washington City—Nationals 5, Louisville 3; at Brooklyn—St. Louis 6, Brooklyn 3.

FRIGHTFUL NEWS LOOKED FOR.

Great Cyclone at Calcutta—Scores of Fatalities Expected.

CALCUTTA, Sept. 26.—A cyclone struck this vicinity Thursday and traveled southward. Several ships were wrecked and scores of persons drowned.

The Dakota Constitutional Convention.

SIOUX FALLS, Sept. 26.—In the constitutional convention Friday blanks in election forms provided by the schedule report were filled in with the names of the state executive committee. The convention then took a half-hour's recess for the Republican members to hold a caucus to decide upon putting a slate in the field and to elect county boards. A. C. Millett, chairman of the territorial Republican central committee, took the chair. The chairman of the territorial central committee was instructed to issue a call for a state convention for nominating a state ticket. The committee on arrangements and phraseology of the constitution reported their labors concluded, and the secretary was instructed to read the constitution as arranged by the committee. The reading consumed the entire day. This will complete the labors of the convention.

Kindled the Fire with Kerosene.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 26.—On Wednesday Mrs. Annie Burgess, wife of James Burgess, of Forestville, Md., to facilitate the kindling of a fire, poured oil on it from a can, which immediately exploded, throwing the burning fluid all over her. She ran out of the house crying for help and when found she was entirely naked and prostrate upon the ground literally roasted alive and writhing in the greatest agony. Prompt medical aid afforded no relief and she died after twelve hours terrible suffering. Mrs. Burgess would have become a mother in a few days.

In Bad Business, Mr. Noremac.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—H. W. Noremac, an English Canadian, 38 years old, was arrested Friday charged with illegal use of the mails, and held in $1,000 for examination. He is said to have been sending forth circulars offering to furnish to those who could hold their tongues, "genuine bank bills" on the basis of $20 for $5, $60 for $10, and $150 for $20.

Objected to Being Called a Pirate King.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 26.—In the case of Capt. Robert P. Cannon, of the eastern shore oyster fame, vs. The American, claiming $20,000 damages for being called a "Pirate King" by that paper, the jury, after being out all night, Friday morning announced to the court that they could not agree. They were discharged.

A Cholera Ship at New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—The Italian bark Excelsior, from Marseilles, is in quarantine here. She reports that a seaman died of cholera on board when three days out, but that all on board are well.

Financial Wreckage.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—There were 140 failures in the United States reported to Bradstreets during the past week, against 148 in the preceding week, and 201, 164 and 173 in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882 respectively.

Our Treasure Ships Come In.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 26.—The United States steamers Swatara and Yantic, having on board about $10,000,000 in silver, from the New Orleans mint, arrived at the navy yards in this city at half-past 3 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Dry Goods Imports.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—The total import of dry goods at this port during the past week were valued at $1,674,817, and the amount thrown on the market $1,925,355.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 25.

The market quotations on the board of trade, to-day, were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 September, opened 84⅛, closed 85; October, opened 84⅝c, closed 85⅛c; November, opened 86⅝c, closed 87⅛c. Corn—No. 2 September, opened 42⅛, closed 42⅛c; October, opened 41⅛c, closed 41⅝c; November, opened 39⅝c, closed 39⅝c. Oats—No. 2 September, opened and closed 25¾c; October, opened 25⅛c, closed 25⅛c; November, opened 25⅜c, closed 25⅛c. Pork—October, opened $8.65, closed $8.70; November, opened $8.60, closed $8.65; January, opened $9.25, closed $9.27½. Lard—October, opened $6.07½, closed $6.05.

Live stock—The Union Stock yards report the following range of prices: Hogs—The market opened only moderately active, with prices weak and 5@10c lower; light grades, $3.50@4.25; rough packing, $3.50@3.70; heavy packing, $3.75@4.10. Cattle—Steady; shipping, $3.90@6.00; butchers, $2.00@3.80; Texans, $2.75@3.90; stockers, $2.60@4.00. Sheep—Active; 10@15c higher; natives, $2.50@4.00.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 19@20c; dairy, 12@14c; packing, 6@8c per lb. Eggs—15½@17½c per doz. Potatoes—$1.00 per bbl. Poultry—Spring chickens, 8@8½c; old roosters, 5c; turkeys, 11@12c, and spring ducks, 9@10c per lb; prairie chickens, $3.50@3.75 per doz. Apples—Fair to good, 75c@$1.00, and choice to fancy, $1.25@1.75 per bbl.

New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, 96⅛c October; 98⅛c November; $1.00 December. Corn—No. 2, mixed, 48⅛c October; 48⅛c November; 48c bid December. Oats—No. 2, 29⅛c September. Rye—Dull and unchanged. Barley—Nominal. Pork—Dull; mess, $10.00@10.25. Lard—$6.15 October; $6.22 November.

Toledo.

TOLEDO, Ohio, Sept. 25.

Wheat—Firmer and active; No. 2 cash, 91c; soft cash, 91@94⅛c; October, 94⅛c; November, 95c; December, 96⅛c; May, $1.04¾. Corn—Firmer and quiet; cash and October, 44⅛c; year, 37c bid; May, 38⅛c. Oats—Firm and dull; cash and October, 28c; November, 28⅛c; May, 31⅛c. Clover—Unchanged; cash and October, $5.40; November ... December, $5.50.

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—We to-day reprint a portion of ou Saturday story on account of an ommission made heretofore.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.]

CHAPTER IX.

A day or two later I had witnessed what I must call Carriston's second seizure we were favored with a visit from the man whose services we had secured to trace Madeline. Since he had received his instructions we had heard nothing of his proceedings until he now called to report progress in person. Carriston had not expressed the slightest curiosity as to where the man was or what he was about. Probably he looked upon the employment of this private detective as nothing more useful than a salve to my conscience. That Madeline was only to be found through the power which he professed to hold of seeing her in his visions was, I felt certain, becoming a rooted belief of his. Whenever I expressed my surprise that our agent had brought or sent no information, Carriston shrugged his shoulders and assured me that from the first he knew the man's researches would be fruitless. However, the fellow had called at last, and, I hoped, had brought us good news.

He was a glib-tongued man, who spoke in a confident, matter-of-fact way. When he saw us he rubbed his hands as one who had brought affairs to a successful issue and now meant to reap praise and other rewards. His whole bearing told me he had made an important discovery; so I begged him to be seated and give us his news.

Carriston gave him a careless glance and at some little distance from us. He looked as if he thought the impending communication scarcely worth the trouble of listening to. He might, indeed, from his looks have been the most disinterested person of the three. He even left me to do the questioning.

"Now, then, Mr. Sharpe," I said, "let us hear if you have earned your money."

"I think so, sir," replied Sharpe, looking curiously at Carriston, who, strange to say, heard this answer with supreme indifference.

"I think I may say I have, sir," continued the detective, "that is if the gentleman can identify these articles as being the young lady's property."

Thereupon he produced from a thick letter case a ribbon, in which was stuck a silver pin, mounted with Scotch pebbles, an ornament that I remembered having seen Madeline wear. Mr. Sharpe handed them to Carriston. He examined them, and I saw his cheeks flush and his eyes grow bright.

"How did you come by this?" he cried, pointing to the silver ornament.

"I'll tell you presently, sir. Do you recognize it?"

"I gave it to Miss Rowan myself."

"Then we are on the right track," I cried, joyfully. "Go on, Mr. Sharpe."

"Yes, gentlemen, we are certainly on the right track; but, after all, it isn't my fault if the track don't lead exactly where you wish. You see, when I heard of this mysterious disappearance of the lady I began to concoct my own theory. I said to myself, when a young and beautiful——"

"Confound your theories!" cried Carriston, fiercely. "Go on with your tale."

The man gave his interrupter a spiteful glance.

"Well, sir," he said, "as you gave me strict instructions to watch a certain gentleman closely, I obeyed those instructions. of course, although I knew I was on a fool's errand."

"Will you go on?" cried Carriston. "If you know where Miss Rowan is, say so; your money will be paid you the moment I find her."

"I don't say I know exactly where to find the lady, but I can soon know if you wish me to."

"Tell your tale your own way, but as shortly as possible," I said, seeing that my excitable friend was preparing for another outburst.

"I found there was nothing to be gained by keeping watch on the gentleman you mentioned, sir, so I went to Scotland and tried back from there. As soon as I worked on my own lay I found out all about it. The lady went from Callendar to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to London, from London to Folkestone, and from Folkestone to Boulong."

I glanced at Carriston. All his calmness seemed to have returned. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, and appeared quite unmoved by Mr. Sharpe's clear statement as to the route Madeline had taken.

"Of course," continued Mr. Sharpe, "I was not quite certain I was tracking the right person, although her description corresponded with the likeness you gave me. But as you are sure this article of jewelry belonged to the lady you want, the matter is beyond a doubt."

"Of course," I said, seeing that Carriston had no intention of speaking. "Where did you find it?"

"It was left behind in a bedroom of one of the principal hotels in Folkestone. I did go over to Boulong, but after that I thought I had learned all you would care to know."

There was something in the man's manner which made me dread what was coming. Again I looked at Carriston. His lips were curved with contempt, but he still kept silence.

"Why not have pursued your inquiries past Boulong?" I asked.

"For this reason, sir. I had learned enough. The theory I had concocted was the right one, after all. The lady went to Edinburgh alone, right enough; but she didn't leave Edinburgh alone; nor she didn't leave London alone; nor she didn't stay at Folkestone—where I found the pin—alone; nor she didn't go to Boulong alone. She was accompanied by a young gentleman who called himself Mr. Smith; and, what's more, she called herself Mrs. Smith. Perhaps she was, as they lived like man and wife."

"Whether the fellow was right or mistaken, this explanation of Madeline's disappearance seemed to give me what I can only compare to a smack in the face. I stared at the speaker in speechless astonishment. If the tale he told so glibly and circumstantially was true, farewell, so far as I was concerned, to belief in the love or purity of women. Madeline Rowan, that creature of a poet's dream, on the eve of her marriage with Charles Carriston, to fly, whether wed or unwed mattered little, with another man! And yet she was but a woman. Carriston—or Carr, as she only knew him—was in her eyes poor. The companion of her flight might have won her with gold. Such things have been. Still——

My rapid and wrongful meditations were cut short in an unexpected way. Suddenly I saw Mr. Sharpe dragged bodily out of his chair and flung against the wall, while Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously with his own ash stick—a convenient weapon, so convenient that I felt Mr. Sharpe could not have selected a stick more appropriate for his own chastisement. So Carriston seemed to think, for he laid on cheerfully some eight or ten good cutting strokes.

Nevertheless, being a respectable doctor

Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously.

and man of peace, I was compelled to interfere. I held Carriston's arm, while Mr. Sharpe struggled to his feet, and after collecting his hat and his pocketbook stood glaring vengefully at his assailant, and rubbing the while such of the weals on his back as he could reach. Annoyed as I felt at the unprofessional fracas, I could scarcely help laughing at the man's appearance. I doubt the possibility of any one looking heroic after such a thrashing.

"I'll have the law for this," he growled. "I ain't paid to be beaten by a madman."

"You're paid to do my work, not another's," said Carriston. "Go to the man who has overbribed you and sent you to tell me your lies. Go to him; tell him that once more he has failed. Out of my sight!"

As Carriston showed signs of recommencing hostile operations, the man fled as far as the doorway. There, being in comparative safety, he turned with a malignant look.

"You'll smart for this," he said; "when they lock you up as a raving lunatic, I'll try and get a post as keeper."

I was glad to see that Carriston paid no attention to this parting shaft. He turned his back scornfully, and the fellow left the room and the house.

"Now are you convinced?" asked Carriston, turning to me.

"Convinced of what? That his tale is untrue, or that he has been mislead, I am quite certain."

"Tush! That is not worth consideration. Don't you see that Ralph has done all this? I set that man to watch him; he found out the espionage; suborned my agent—or your agent, I should say; sent him here with a trumped up tale. Oh, yes; I was to believe that Madeline had deserted me—that was to drive me out of my senses. My cousin is a fool, after all!"

"Without further proof I cannot believe that your suspicions are correct," I said, but I must own I spoke with some hesitation.

"Proof! A clever man like you ought to see ample proof in the fact of that wretch having twice called me a madman. I have seen him but once before—you know if I then gave him any grounds for making such an assertion. Tell me, from whom could he have learned the word except from Ralph Carriston?"

I was bound, if only to save my own reputation for sagacity, to confess that the point noted by Carriston had raised certain doubts in my mind. But if Ralph Carriston really was trying by some finely wrought scheme to bring about what he desired, there was all the more reason for great caution to be exercised.

"I am sorry you beat the fellow," I said. "He will now swear right and left that you are not in your senses."

"Of course he will. What do I care?"

"Only remember this. It is easier to get put in an asylum than to get out of it."

"It is not so very easy for a sane man like myself to be put in, especially when he is on his guard. I have looked up the law. There must be a certificate signed by two doctors, surgeons, or, I believe, apothecaries will do, who have seen the supposed lunatic alone and together. I'll take very good care I speak to no doctor save yourself, and keep out of the way of surgeons and apothecaries."

It quite cheered me to hear him speaking so sensibly and collectedly about himself, but I again impressed upon him the need of great caution. Although I could not believe that his cousin had taken Madeline away, I was, after the affair with the spy, inclined to think that, as Carriston averred, he aimed at getting him, sane or insane, into a madhouse.

But after all these days we were not a step nearer to the discovery of Madeline's whereabouts. Carriston made no sign of doing anything to facilitate that discovery. Again I urged him to intrust the whole affair to the police. Again he refused to do so, adding that he was not quite ready. Ready for what, I wondered!

CHAPTER X.

I must confess, in spite of my affection for Carriston, I felt inclined to rebel against the course which matters were taking. I was a prosaic matter-of-fact medical man; doing my work to the best of my ability, and anxious when that work was done that my hours of leisure should be as free from worry and care as possible. With Carriston's advent several disturbing elements entered into my quiet life.

Let Ralph Carriston be guilty or innocent of the extraordinary crime which his cousin laid at his door, I felt certain that he was anxious to obtain possession of the supposed lunatic's person. It would suit his purposes for his cousin to be proved mad. I did not believe that even if the case was legally effected Carriston's liberation would be a matter of great difficulty, so long as he remained in his present state of mind; so long as I, a doctor of some standing, could go into the witness box and swear to his sanity. But my old dread was always with me—the dread that any further shock would overturn the balance of his sensitive mind.

So it was that every hour that Carriston was out of my sight was fraught with anxiety. If Ralph Carriston was really as unscrupulous as my friend supposed; if he had really, as seemed almost probable, suborned our agent; he might by some crafty trick obtain the needful certificate, and some day I should come home and find Carriston had been removed. In such a case I foresaw great trouble and distress.

Besides, after all that had occurred, it was as much as I could do to believe that Carriston was not mad. Any doctor who knew what I knew would have given the verdict against him.

After dismissing his visions and hallucinations with the contempt which they deserved, the fact of a man who was madly, passionately in love with a woman, and who believed that she had been entrapped and was still kept in restraint, sitting down quietly, and letting day after day pass without making an effort towards finding her, was in itself prima facie evidence of insanity. A sane man would at once have set all the engines of detection at work.

I felt that if once Ralph Carriston obtained possession of him he could make out a strong case in his own favor. First of all, the proposed marriage out of the defendant's own sphere of life; the passing under a false name; the ridiculous, or apparently ridiculous, accusation made against his kinsman; the murderous threats; the chastisement of his own paid agent who brought him a report which might not seem at all untrue to any one who knew not Madeline Rowan. Leaving out of the question what might be wrung from me in cross-examination, Ralph Carriston had a strong case, and I knew that, once in his power, my friend might possibly be doomed to pass years, if not his whole life, under restraint. So I was anxious, very anxious.

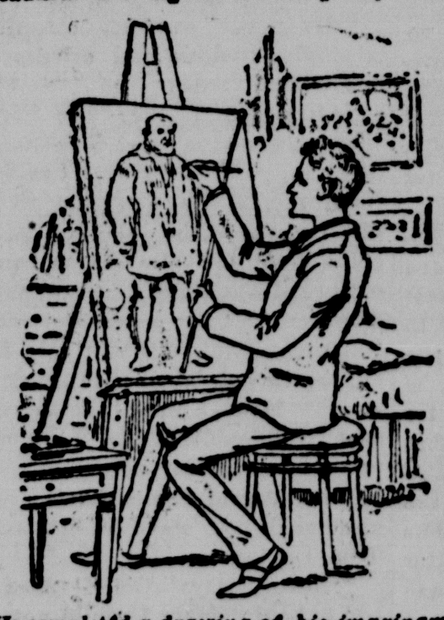
And I felt an anxiety, scarcely second to that which prevailed on Carriston's account, as to the fate of Madeline. Granting for sake of argument that Carriston's absurd conviction that no bodily harm had as yet been done her was true, I felt sure that she, with her scarcely less sensitive nature, must feel the separation from her lover as much as he himself felt the separation from her. Once or twice I tried to comfort myself with cynicism—tried to persuade myself that a young woman could not in our days be spirited away—that she had gone by her own free will—that there was a man who had at the eleventh hour alienated her affections from Carriston. But I could not bring myself to believe this. So I was placed between the horns of a dilemma.

If Madeline had not fled of her own free will, some one must have taken her away, and if so our agent's report was a coined one; and, if a coined one, issued at Ralph's instance; therefore Ralph must be the prime actor in the mystery.

But in sober moments such a deduction seemed an utter absurdity.

Although I have said that Carriston was doing nothing towards clearing up the mystery, I wrong him in so saying. After his own erratic way he was at work. At such work, too! I really lost all patience with him.

He shut himself up in his room, out of which he scarcely stirred for three days. By that time he had completed a large and beautiful drawing of his imaginary man.



He completed a drawing of his imaginary man.

This he took to a well-known photographer's, and ordered several hundred small photographs of it to be prepared as soon as possible. The minute description which he had given me of his fanciful creation was printed at the foot of each copy. As soon as the first batch of these precious photographs was sent home, to my great joy he did what he should have done days ago: yielded to my wishes, and put the matter into the hands of the police.

I was glad to find that in giving details of what had happened, he said nothing about the advisability of keeping a watch on Ralph Carriston's proceedings. He did indeed offer an absurdly large reward for the discovery of the missing girl, and, moreover, gave the officer in charge of the case a packet of photographs of his phantom man, telling him in the gravest manner that he knew the original of that likeness had something to do with the disappearance of Miss Rowan. The officer, who thought the portrait was that of a natural being, took his instructions in good faith, although he seemed greatly surprised when he heard that Carriston knew neither the name nor the occupation, in fact, knew nothing concerning the man who was to be sought for. However, as Carriston assured him that finding this man would insure the reward as much as if he found Madeline, the officer readily promised to combine the two tasks, little knowing what waste of time any attempt to perform the latter must be.

Two days after this Carriston came to me. "I shall leave you to-morrow," he said.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "Why do you leave?"

"I am going to travel about. I have no intention of letting Ralph get hold of me. So I mean to go from place to place until I find Madeline."

"Be careful," I urged.

"I shall be careful enough. I'll take care that no doctors, surgeons, or even apothecaries get on my track. I shall go just as the fit seizes me. I can't say one day where I shall be the next, it will be impossible for that villain to know."

This was not a bad argument. In fact, if he carried out his resolve of passing quickly from place to place I did not see how he could plan anything more likely to defeat the intentions with which we credited his cousin. As to his finding Madeline by so doing, that was another matter.

His idea seemed to be that chance would sooner or later bring him in contact with the man of his dream. However, now that the search had been intrusted to the proper persons his own action in the matter was not worth troubling about. I gave him many cautions. He was to be quiet and guarded in words and manner. He was not to converse with strangers. If he found himself dogged or watched by anyone he was to communicate at once with me. But, above all, I begged him not to yield again to his mental infirmity. The folly of a man who could avoid it throwing himself into such a state ought to be apparent to him.

"Not oftener than I can help," was all the promise I could get from him. "But see her I must sometimes, or I shall die."

I had now given up as hopeless the combat with his peculiar idiosyncracy. So, with many expressions of gratitude on his part, we bade each other farewell.

During his absence he wrote to me nearly every day, so that I might know his whereabouts in case I had any news to communicate. But I had none. The police failed to find the faintest clew. I had been called upon by them once or twice in order that they might have every grain of information I could give. I took the liberty of advising them not to waste their time in looking for the man, as his very existence was problematical. It was but a fancy of my friend's, and not worth thinking seriously about. I am not sure but what, after hearing this, they did not think the whole affair was an imagined one, and so relaxed their efforts.

Once or twice Carriston, happening to be in the neighborhood of London, came to see me, and slept the night at my house. He also had no news to report. Still, he seemed hopeful as ever.

The weeks went by until Christmas was over and the New Year begun; but no sign, word or trace of Madeline Rowan. "I have seen her," wrote Carriston, "several times. She is in the same place—unhappy, but not ill-treated."

Evidently his hallucinations were still in full force.

* * * * * * *

At first I intended that the whole of this tale should be told by myself; but upon getting so far it struck me that the evidence of another actor who played an important part in the drama would give certain occurrences to the reader at first instead of secondhand, so I wrote to my friend Dick Fenton, of Frenchay, Gloucestershire, and begged him, if he found himself capable of so doing, to to put in simple narrative form his impressions of certain events which happened in January, 1866; events in which we two were concerned. He has been good enough to comply with my request. His communication follows.

(continued next Saturday.)

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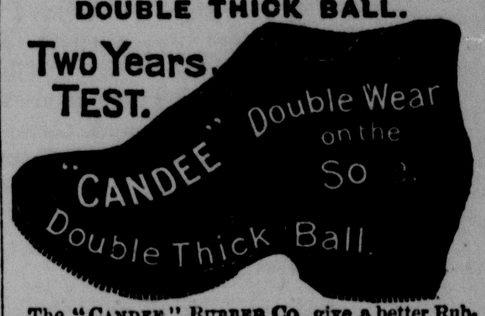

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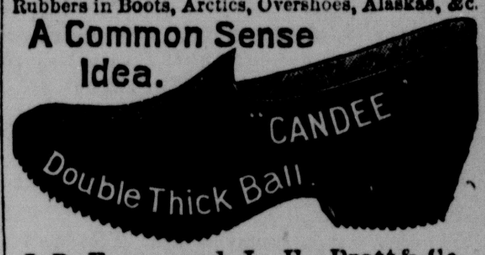

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SEALED ORDERS.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar,
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"—
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and 'round them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty,
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
By the voyage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

—*Sailors' Magazine.*

THE SILK DRESS.

"There's Annie Beldon," said Aunt Jane, looking up from her knitting as she heard the sound of footsteps on the plank walk which lay along the front fence. "Poor soul! I never see her that I don't think of that verse in the Bible which says that "from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath;" and she sighed deeply.

I looked from the window just in time to see Annie Beldon before she turned the corner of the next street. She was a faded, careworn looking woman, a little past middle age, with dark-brown hair thickly sprinkled with gray. Her dress was a rusty black cashmere, her black shawl was decidedly shabby, and her crape bonnet was shabbier still. She looked neither attractive nor interesting, and I turned from the window and took up my crocheting again, remarking only that "she looked as if she had had her share of sorrow."

"Sometimes I think she has had a good deal more than her share," said Aunt Jane. "I know dozens of women would have sunk into the grave under only half as much. And the best of it is, she don't never complain. She's the cheerfulest soul that ever breathed."

"Does she live near here?" I asked, more out of politeness than from any real interest in the subject.

"No! but she was my next-door neighbor for twenty-five years when this was a farm-house. The town lay two miles off then, and we never looked to see it grow up right to our very doors. Annie wouldn't be wear'n' such shabby clothes if there hadn't been a mortgage on their place. She could have sold every acre at a good profit if it had been free."

"Tell me about her, Aunt Jane," I said, as the old lady paused. "You'll have plenty of time before supper."

"Dear me, child, there isn't much to tell, 'n' maybe the little there is wouldn't prove very interestin' to you. I know Annie looks shabby, 'n' old, 'n' gray now, 'n' not much like she did thirty years ago. We was girls together, 'n' she was the prettiest an' liveliest little thing I ever saw. Her eyes was black as coals, 'n' her hair hung in long curls to her waist. She had a laugh 'n' a good word for everybody, 'n' more beaus than she could 'tend to. There was only two of 'em, though, that she favored at all. One was Tom Layton—"

"The owner of the Layton Mills?" I interrupted.

"Yes; but he didn't own the mills then. He was only superintendent there, 'n' though he was a savin', industrious young man, no one looked to see him get to be a millionaire. But he had a good salary, 'n' his father was well to do, 'n' he was reckoned a good match for Annie. For a while folks thought she'd marry him; but he wasn't a professor, 'n' Annie set a deal by her church. She allowed that if she married a man who never went inside of one she'd be false to her principles, for the Bible says the righteous shall not be yoked to the unrighteous, you know. Tom took it real hard at first, but he didn't bear Annie no ill will, 'n' when she married Luther Beldon he sent her a handsome present. Luther, he was a real steady young man, but somehow or other he didn't have no luck. He had a good farm, but, work as he might, he never made nothin' off it more'n a bare livin', 'n' Annie had to pinch 'n' screw to keep clothes to their backs. She was a master hand at managin', 'n' she worked like a horse, but year after year went by, 'n' they didn't get no better off. Drought 'n' early frost, 'n' too much rain, kep' 'em allers behindhand, 'n' jest when they was thinkin' they was goin' to do better, there'd come something that would put 'em back again.

"Luther he got discouraged, but Annie she never lost heart. Leastways she never seemed to. When they'd come over here 'n' Luther he'd get to tellin' how crossways things allers went for him, she'd allers have something cheerful to say. She'd tell about it was a long lane that had no turnin', 'n' it was allers darkest jest before the day, 'n' there was allers a silver linin' to every cloud, till Luther he'd get pleasant again 'n' ready to laugh with her over their troubles.

"'Ain't I got a treasure in my wife?' he'd say. "Long as frosts 'n' mildew 'n' floods don't take her away from me, I guess I can get along.'

"They was over here to take dinner the day I was thirty. I was wearin', for the first time, a new black silk dress which John had given me for a birthday present. It was thick 'n' soft 'n' mighty handsome, 'n' Luther he didn't seem able to keep his eyes off it.

"'I wonder when I'll be able to give you a black silk, Annie?' he said, putting his arm round her as she stood by his chair. 'We've been married seven years, 'n' I ain't been able to get you nothin' better'n calico.'

"'I don't need a silk,' says Annie. I've got all the dresses I can use now."

"Luther looked at her real steady a minute. Then he says, sorter slow 'n' quiet, 'For all that, I mean to get you one, Annie. I want to see how you'd look in it.'

"'No better'n I look now in my blue delaine,' says Annie.

"'We'll see 'bout that,' says Luther. 'I don't care how hard times are, I mean to live till I get you a black silk dress.'

"She laughed, 'n' told him he'd make a peacock of her if he could; but for all her brave words I know she was downright fond of pretty things, 'n' it really hurt her to have to wear old, faded dresses, 'n' bonnets five years behind the style. But she never said so, 'n' she'd walk into church Sunday after Sunday in her old blue delaine 'n' yellow straw bonnet, lookin' as sweet 'n' happy as if she'd been dressed like a queen.

"Well, Luther he never came over here after that without he had some remark to make 'bout my black silk, 'n' he stuck to it that he would give Annie one like it before he died.

"But year after year went by, 'n' my silk was all wore out, 'n' I'd got another, 'n' still Annie's best dress was a cheap delaine, 'n' it wasn't often she could afford to buy even a pair of cotton gloves to cover her hands. Things hadn't gone better with Luther, 'n' they had other things to sorrow for than losing their best horses 'n' cattle 'n' their crops. They lost their six children, one after the other. Three of 'em died in one week, of scarlet fever, 'n' the others was sickly little things, 'n' went off in slow consumption.

"If it hadn't been that she had to keep Luther up, I believe Annie'd have give way many a time; but for his sake she didn't show one-half she felt. An' she never lost faith in the Lord. She said His way seemed hard, but that He knew what was best for her.

"Well, time went on, 'n' about five years ago things seemed to take a turn for the better with Luther. His wheat crop turned out well, 'n' he sold it to good profit, 'n' he got his corn off the bottom lands before the river rose, 'n' that was a great help to him. He seemed real cheerful, 'n' told John that he was just beginnin' to enjoy life, 'n' if things went well he'd soon have the mortgage cleared off the farm. The weather set in cold 'n' stormy just after Thanksgivin', 'n' one afternoon I was out in the chicken yard shellin' corn to the hens, 'n' all muffled up to my eyes, when I heard a wagon stop at the gate, 'n' there was Luther a-noddin' 'n' beckonin' to me. I went down to the gate to speak to him, 'n' before I'd got there he was tellin' me how he'd sold Tom Layton a colt he'd been raisin', 'n' was on his way at last to buy Annie that silk dress. He asked me 'bout the number of yards he ought to get, 'n' where he'd best go to buy, 'n' said he couldn't hardly wait to get it, now he was ready. He was goin' to give Annie a surprise, he said; she didn't know what he was goin' after.

"Well, the tears was in my eyes as I watched him drive off, pleased as a child at the idea of surprisin' Annie. But I never guessed what the black silk dress was to cost her, poor soul!

"It began to rain soon after Luther 'd gone, 'n' poured down for upward of four hours. I was at the winder when he went by on his way home, 'n' I noticed he didn't have his overcoat on, 'n' I wondered what he'd done with it, for I was sure he'd had it on when he stopped at the gate. Annie told me afterward that he'd taken the coat off his back, 'n' rolled the black silk up in it to keep it from gettin' wet. It wasn't even damp when he unrolled it 'n' showed it to her, but he was wet to the skin himself, 'n' a few days later there was a doctor's buggy at the gate. John he went over to see what was the matter, 'n' found Luther walkin' the floor 'n' groanin' with pain. The cold had settled in his side, 'n' the doctor couldn't give him no relief. But he said he'd pull through all right, 'n' there wasn't no need to worry.

"Miss Parsons was makin' the silk up. Luther wasn't satisfied till Annie had gone to the village 'n' got some one to work on it, 'n' she thought best to humor him. He wasn't no better when the dress came home, 'n' the doctor was still 'tending him; but no one 'lowed he was anyway dangerous. It was John who brought the dress home from Miss Parsons, 'n' he said Luther was just too pleased for anything to see the bundle.

"'I'm going to have Annie dress right up in it,' he says, ''n' you 'n' Jane must come over after supper 'n' see how she looks.'

"Well, I heard afterward, John had hardly gone when Luther began to tease Annie to put the dress on. She wanted to get supper first, but he wouldn't hear to it.

"'I've been waitin' nearly twenty years to see you in that dress,' he says, ''n' I won't wait even an hour longer.'

"Well, Annie she made him lie down—for he'd been walkin' the floor constant nearly all day—'n' she went into her bed-room to put the dress on. She'd got the skirt on, 'n' was fastenin' the waist. when she heard a queer sound from the spare room, where Luther was lyin'. She stopped a minute to listen, 'n' then called to him to know if he wanted anything. There wasn't no answer, 'n' she crossed the hall 'n' hurried into the spare room. Well, child, she found him dead, his face turned toward the door, as if he'd been watchin' for her, 'n' the sound she heard was the death rattle in his throat.

"When John 'n' I got there he'd been dead only a few minutes, 'n' I tell you, child, it was a sad sight to see her kneelin' down by that low bed in her new black silk, her arms 'round that dead man, 'n' moanin' 'n' shudderin' over him, 'n' beggin' him to speak to her.

"'He isn't dead!' she says to me as I come in. 'He has only fainted. O, Jane! do something for him. Get hot water, 'n' you'll find camphor in the pantry, on the lowest shelf to the right.'

"But I saw that hot water'n camphor wouldn't be no use, 'n' I told her so as gentle as I could, 'n' begged her to come away. She wouldn't listen to me at first, but after the doctor had come, 'n' he'd told her it was all over, 'n' poor Luther'd died from apoplexy of the stomach, she let me take her to her own room.

"As we were crossin' the hall we heard the dress rustle, 'n' she stopped short 'n' looked at me pitiful.

"'He never saw me in it, after all,' 'n' she broke down and cried as if her heart would break.

"After poor Luther was buried, 'n' there was a stone put over him, 'n' his debts all paid, there wasn't nothin' left for Annie, 'n' she was glad to take a place in the mills. We wanted her to come here, but she was too proud to eat bread she hadn't earned, she said. About a week ago I was out with Miss Sniper, gettin' subscriptions for the church carpet, 'n' we met Annie on the street. Miss Sniper, she ain't oversensitive herself, 'n' she don't give no one else credit for being so, 'n' she up 'n' asks Annie if she didn't ever wish she'd said 'yes' 'stead of 'no' to young Tom Layton.

"'Never,' says Annie. 'Had I my life to begin again I would not alter it as far as Tom Layton is concerned.'

"'But it's pretty hard to have to work for him, isn't it?' asked Miss Sniper, 'n' I felt it in my heart to hate her for asking such a thing.

"But Annie only smiled. 'I consider myself fortunate to be able to earn such good wages,' she says, 'n' then she walked away, smilin' still.

"I was glad Miss Sniper didn't know about that black silk dress. If she'd said anything about that, Annie would 'a' broke down. She's got it packed away at the bottom of her trunk, poor soul, 'n' she never speaks about it."—*Florence B. Hallowell, in Demorest's.*

CHICAGO JOURNALISM.

It is reported that a certain financial editor in Chicago, who came out strong one morning against the Missouri Pacific, was waited upon by a gentleman who laid a $20 bill on the table.

"What for?" asked the financial.

"I own $10,000 worth of stock in the Missouri Pacific, and I want you to come out with an article to-morrow admitting that you were in error."

"Can't do it, sir."

Another $20 bill was laid down.

"That is, I don't believe I can."

A third $20 fluttered on the table.

"That is, I can't do it to-morrow. That would be altogether too soon, but I'll come out the day after and do $60 worth of the finest crawfishing you ever saw. Whenever I make a mistake, come and see me.—*Utica Press.*

"I LIKE your impudence," as a pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

A PEERLESS RIDER.

How He Demonstrated the Superiority of American Horsemanship.

James Robinson was probably the king of the trade. Joseph Wheelock, the actor, who was the boon companion of the rider, once told me the incidents in the career of his friend during a visit he paid to England about fifteen years ago. Robinson had been engaged at a salary of $2,000 a week to ride in Astley's royal amphitheater, in London. For weeks before he arrived he was heralded as the greatest bareback equestrian of the age. To amuse himself he took over with him a team of American trotting horses and a light buggy, but neglected to bring such horses as he would need to ride. This oversight rather astonished the English managers, who thought their contract, of course, included the furnishing of horses. Robinson made light of the matter, and said he could break the animals to his liking in the fortnight intervening between his arrival and the date of his debut. There was nothing left for the managers to do but to swallow their disappointment and provide him with horses. These he rehearsed day after day at the circus, with skill and assiduity, but to find at last that they were beasts far inferior in intelligence to the Kentucky thoroughbreds with which he was accustomed to deal. The night of the first appearance of the American champion arrived. The great building, bearing the historical name of Astley, was packed to suffocation to see the performance of the reckless rider from over the sea. Robinson had, however, in the short time allowed, been utterly unable to train the English horses to his acts, and as a consequence was at a sad disadvantage in what he attempted. The best features of his acts, including the vaulting, he failed in. The audience hurried his exit from the ring, with hisses. A more dismal fiasco could not have awaited an artist. The Englishmen, naturally, took keen delight in the failure of the American, who, it was announced, would eclipse the best exploits in horsemanship as illustrated by English and French riders. The disgrace humiliated Robinson to the dus . That very night he went to the manager of the circus, to release him from his contract. "All I ask," he said, "is that I may be retained in the establishment on the salary of the tumblers with whom I will appear at each performance, unannounced. Then I want the privilege of practicing in the morning." The manager, glad enough to be relieved of the heavy cost of the bargain, accepted the conditions. The next day, Robinson had disposed of his trotting horses and vehicle, as well as other traps and jewelry, until he had enough to purchase six horses, of the best blood attainable, none of which had ever been ridden in a ring. The selection of the animals occupied some time. When, at last, the troupe was completed, he began breaking them to his business, a task which required great patience, and an absolute insight into the nature of the beast. Weeks passed. James Robinson, who had, in the meantime, been the butt of ridicule, was forgotten. Nightly he was turning flip-flops in sawdust with a pack of mountebanks, some of whom did not know that among their number was the best rider in the world. About the time that the menials about the circus establishment began to whisper that they guessed that "blarsted Yankee" could ride a little bit, after all, Robinson called on the manager. "I wish," he said, "that you would bill me to reappear, next Monday night. I would like to try to redeem my reputation. If I don't succeed, I'll pack up, and go home." With more than a misgiving, the posters were pasted up over London's dead walls. Again there was an unusual throng, to have their sneer at the presumptuous fellow who everybody thought had long before gone back. But the dashing American made them laugh on the other side of their mouths. The display of equestrianism which he gave threw the house into an ecstacy of delight. The way he vaulted on and off the backs of the flying steeds electrified the frigid hearts before him. Recall after recall made him famous in London town. The newspapers rang with his praise, and spoke of his previous failure as a remarkable reminiscence. The Astley people were glad enough to renew the original contract to retain the American rider, who returned home, two years later, with a European reputation, and fifty thousand dollars to boot.—*Syracuse Standard.*

"CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases," said an unsuccessful lawyer, "and I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."

IT is estimated that two tons of gold, worth $1,400,000, are lost every year from the wear and tear of commerce and personal use.

THE PARAGRAPHERS.

IF it wasn't for the cranks, the wheels of civilization would not revolve.—*Texas Siftings.*

"POETS are born." If it were only known at the time, how infanticide would flourish.—*St. Paul Herald.*

WHAT might have been is the sluggard's miserable apology for what ought to have been.—*Barbers' Gazette.*

A BROOKLYN poetess writes: "Why do I sit here in the gloaming?" Give it up. Did you strike a banana skin?—*Brooklyn Times.*

THE fun of amateur theatricals is all on the side of those who take part in them. They are sad affairs for the audience.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

ORDINARY astronomy teaches us the theory of spots on the sun, but Boston astronomy teaches the theory of specs on the daughter.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A POET sighs: "Where shall I be buried?" If he is as poor as his poetry, the Potter's Field will probably catch him about right.—*Merchant Traveler.*

I'd like to be a rustic lad—
How nice I then would feel!
A freckle on my forehead,
A stone bruise on my heel.

—*Lynn Union.*

FOND Mother—"You are very sick, my child; I will send for Dr. Jones." Daughter (quickly)—"Not Dr. Jones, mother dear; he is engaged already."—*The Rambler.*

IF there is such a thing as a diamond-pointed minute in the life of a woman, it happens when the joy of her heart carries off the first prize at a baby show.—*Chicago Ledger.*

THE *Jewish Messenger* says that to the curious specimens of prayers published "may be added this of a modern Rabbi: 'O Lord, Thou rememberest we said last week,' etc."—*Ex.*

"PAPA, what is Wall street?" "Wall street is a place where they raise lambs in the spring, shear them in the fall, and then turn them loose to hustle for themselves in the winter.—*Evansville Argus.*

INQUIRING youngster: "Uncle, why do the hippopotamuses always have their mouths open in the show-bills?" Uncle (with malicious equivoke): "To take in the public, my boy; now go and play."—*Ex.*

WHEN a man makes a mistake in this world there are plenty of people who will remark: "He might have done better;" but there are few people who would say: "He might have done worse."—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

PERHAPS a servant girl uses kerosene oil for kindling purposes because there is no dynamite in the house. The head of the family should think of this, and supply his domestics with all the modern appliances her work demands.—*Norristown Herald.*

THERE were nearly sixty million more gallons of beer drank in this country last year than ever before. We don't know who drank our share, but we'll bet whoever he is he has had some thundering big headaches.—*Newman Independent.*

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

When the night is dark, and the seaman fears
The rocks that the stoutest ships destroy,
His heart is glad, as the land he nears,
To hear the sound of the whist ing buoy.
When landed safe from the ocean's foam
The mariner's heart is filled with joy,
As he climbs the hill to his cottage home,
To hear the trills of his whittling boy.

—*Boston Courier.*

THERE is a man in Georgia who can write without knowing the alphabet, or being able to read anything except his own writing. It is further said that he superintends a large farm, and "keeps his books after a style of his own." A singular case, perhaps; but he cannot claim originality in the last-named peculiarity. There are a great many bank officials who have also kept books "after a style of their own." Some of them are now in Canada, keeping out of the clutches of the law.—*Norristown Herald.*

The devil arose from his little bed
And washed his face and combed his head.
The devil to breakfast gayly went,
And gorged himself to his heart's content.
The devil with many a morry jest
Gave to the meal an added zest.
The devil's mother poured the tea,
And smiled at her son's impulsive glee.
The devil finished his early meal,
And started away on nimble heel.
"For you know," he said, "I make it by six,
Or the foreman will treat me to sundry kicks."
"God bless you, son," said the devil's ma,
As the devil caught on a passing car.
"God bless the devil?" 'Tis strange, yet true,
Of a printer's devil I'm talking to you.

—*Chicago Sun.*

KNEW SHE COULD BE HAPPY.

"And we could walk down through the vale of this life and be happy," said an antiquated female in widow's weeds to a rich old bachelor with matrimonial tendencies.

"And why so, darling?" replied he.

"Because I saw you extract a roach from the biscuit this morning and continue eating as unmindful and unconcerned as the summer sun when it breathes over sleeping valleys."—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

A TALE OF LOVE.

He stood beneath his loved one's window, and in a rich, melodious voice sweetly warbled, "I'm waiting, my darling, for thee." The old man behind the barn smiled a smile of huge dimensions as he brought forth the untamed bull-dog and softly responded, "Yes, I've been waiting, my darling, for thee. Sic 'em, Tige!" The next minute a howl of anguish, mingled with the low sobbing of the wind, reached the ear of the enraptured maiden, who, minus wings, is preparing to fly to her beloved. She turns pale (for the Lubin's powder has not yet graced her cheek), and had it not been for her corsets, which upheld her, would have fainted away. But as the cool night air, laden with the odoriferous scents from the silvery Chicago River, gently fans her bangs, she feels better. After the shock of grief has somewhat subsided, her old nature returns. Grief gives way to anger. Her wrath rises like a thunderstorm. "To think that pa could be so ungenerous, so cruel, when Charley, but a few days ago, sent him a bottle of beer and a new clay pipe." In a twinkling of an eye she descended the stairs and strode forth into the moonlight. Seated on the well-curb was her parental relative. In his hands he held a pair of striped trousers, the remnants of a gallus, portions of a shirt, and a plug of tobacco. "Fiend!" she shrieked, as she gazed upon these well-known emblems of her Charley, "you are no longer a father of mine. What have you done to him? Speak, ere I sling this first experiment of cookery at your gray head." And she flourished aloft a loaf of bread which she had picked up on her way out of the house. "Mercy!" gasped the terror-stricken old man. "Do not kill your father, child." "I will spare you on one condition." "Name it, child." "Give me my Charley's pants." "Certainly child." As she takes the trousers, a piece of paper falls from one of the pockets. She stoops and picks it up. "Ah! a love letter from Charley. How sweet. I will see what he says. 'My dear wife,' she reads, 'I have struck a benanza. An ugly old maid is gone on me. Shall work her for a cool thousand, and will then return to you and the babies. Your loving Charley.' Villain! curse him! cur——" But she says no more, for the blood is flowing from her mouth in torrents. Her heart is broken. As the pale moon gives way to the rising sun, its rays shine upon a corpse. She has gone; her spirit is now far away from this earthly sheol, where lovers prove untrue, and villains love to roam. Aged, forty-seven. Born in Oshkosh. Finis.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A NOVEL STRIKE.

The Journalist: When the late Dr. Villemessaul, the proprietor of the *Figaro* died, he left the paper to the three men who had done the most to aid him. But there were many old contributors to the *Figaro*—men with well-known names, who made an outcry at this division of the property. They insisted they ought to have been consulted, and they threatened to leave the establishment in a body and found a new *Figaro*. This alarmed the three principals, and they made a proposition to the recalcitrant gentlemen. It was to the effect that they themselves should take each $30,000 out of the concern yearly, and that the other men should each have a salary of $6,000 for the work they were to do, and at the end of the year they should draw another $6,000 out of the profits, thus insuring them $12,000 a year apiece, a larger salary than any editor in America gets to-day. Yet these men do not write an average of more than half a column a day each—if, indeed, that much, so that they have a very easy time of it. It is one of the conditions that when any of them dies his share goes to the others, so that the last one who remains will have an enormous income, something like $100,000 a year. Beyond salaries and so on out of the profits, there is a large sum put by as a sinking fund. It now amounts to over $1,000,000, and they don't know what to do with it.

THE SOUTH IS LOOKING UP.

"Have you seen 'Schurz on the Southern People?'" asked Jones, as he laid down the morning paper to shake hands with Smith.

"I never saw a Southerner without one on," replied Smith.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IN Kentucky a man's social standing is said to be measured by his ability to talk horse and live without water, but in the Western States a stranger can tell by the size of a man's cob pile about how he rates in the community.

MALAY PROVERBS.

The Malays express themselves in neat, pithy sentences, and clinch an argument with a proverb. Some of their proverbs resemble those wise saws which we use to point a moral, while others are peculiar to them.

A Malay enjoins secrecy by saying, "If you have rice, put it away under the unhusked grain."

"What is the use of the peacock strutting in the jungle?" is the Malay equivalent for throwing pearls before swine.

When a Malay wishes to indicate that an offer will not be refused, he asks, "Will the crocodile reject the carcass?" He apprehends the obstinacy of hereditary instincts, for his proverb says: "Though you feed a jungle-fowl out of a gold plate, it will nevertheless make for the jungle."

Those who think human nature may be changed by external influences should muse over the Malay proverb: "You may plant the bitter cucumber in a bed of sago, and manure it with honey, and water it with molasses, and train it over sugarcanes, but when it is cooked it will still be bitter."

Those who make trouble for nothing are said to "fight in a dream," and the man who is all things to all men is one who "plants sugarcane on the lips."

"Hand chopping wood while the shoulder bears a load," indicates the man of expedients and enterprise. "Freed from the mouth of the crocodile only to fall into the jaws of the tiger," is the equivalent for our "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." "The creel says the basket is coarsely plaited," is a more delicate expression about the pot calling the kettle black.

We say, "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good;" the Malay says, "When the junk is wrecked the shark has his fill."

"The yam remains still and increases in bulk; iron lies quiet and wastes away the more," is a Malay proverb which indicates that similar circumstances will not answer for unlike things.

Here, There, Everywhere,

Malaria is found. Even where the disease is not prevalent—where the general condition of the surrounding locality may be favorable to health, isolated cases may exist. Bad drainage, a damp cellar, the escape of sewer gas, the existence of masked cess pools, proximity to stagnant water—all these are frequent causes, and what town or city of any magnitude is free from them? Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whether in town or city of any magnitude, is free from them. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whether in town or country, whether the germs of the disease develop either the bilious remittent or the intermittent form, or that negative, sluggish, but not less obstinate type called dumb ague, is equally efficient, both as a preventive and a remedy. Bad digestion, biliousness, constipation, a want of vitality, are also remedied by it, and the happiest results may be surely anticipated from its use, for the relief of rheumatism, kidney and bladder complaints, and nervousness, accompanied by a lack of appetite and sound repose. It is botanic and agreeable.

SAM JONES ON FOOLS.

A man in Tennessee wrote me the other day about as follows: "Jones, I understand you have offered $500 reward to any man who will take oath before a Justice of the Peace, and sign his name, that he doesn't want to go to heaven, and if you will write me I'll meet you, and take the oath, and get the money."

I would be a fool to offer $500 for such a man and such an oath. I can get them all over this country for a dollar, and some even for fifty cents, and some would sell out for nothing and board themselves. Look at the picture. Of course, I never made such a proposition. A fellow saw it in the newspapers, and the only thing I have against them is that everything they publish is true. That is the only objection I have in the world. You can bank on anything you see in the newspaper—that is, Southern newspapers. That's a horrid picture there, isn't it? A man offers to sell his soul for $500, and sign, seal, and deliver the instrument. My God, what a farce this is. Every man that sells whisky and every man that makes whisky in this country is after the very thing for what that fellow wanted to take an oath for $500. —*Sermon at High Bridge.*

A Black List

of diseases follows an unhealthy condition of the liver, one of the most important organs of the body. Impure blood, bronchitis, asthma, malarial diseases, consumption, sick-headache, diseases of the skin, kidneys, and heart—all may be traced to faulty action or torpidity of the liver. No other known preparation so rapidly and thoroughly restores a disordered liver as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is pleasant to the taste, mild but sure in its action, and a gift to suffering humanity from one of the most successful physicians of the age.

THE man in Germany who has made and sold 3,000,000 thermometers ought to believe in weather profits.—*Texas Siftings.*

Delicate diseases, as nervous debility and premature weakness, however induced, radically cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for treatise. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE fact that parents are wooed may account for there being so many block-heads among the children.

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The World's Champion.

Mr. Edward Hanlan, the great oarsman, and until his recent contest with Beach in Australia the champion of the world, may certainly be looked upon as an authority in everything affecting athletic sports. Before leaving Australia for this country, he wrote a letter in which he stated that he had used St. Jacobs Oil with the most beneficial results. He found it a reliable remedy for muscular pains in the arms and limbs, and from his personal experience took great pleasure in recommending it. No stronger proof of the truth of what is claimed for St. Jacobs Oil could be furnished than this, and it will undoubtedly carry great weight with all thoughtful and intelligent people.

THE MATRIMONIAL QUESTION.

Man was not wholly unselfish a hundred years ago, nor wholly pure; marriages were not always the result of honest affection; courtly bearing and ceremonious politeness did not always cover a kindly man or a sensible and earnest woman, a loving wife or a devoted husband. The rakes, the dandies, the money-getters, or the pleasure-seekers do not dominate the life of a people; and beyond them to-day, as in the last century, only more powerfully felt now, is a great and lofty love for the home life, a firm belief in its ennobling tendencies, and a longing desire to keep the hearth-side sacred.—*Providence Journal.*

"Man's work's from sun to sun;
Woman's work is never done."

Work is a necessity to all; but, upon how many, women especially, does it fall with the burden of the "last straw," and this, because their peculiarly delicate constitutions are so liable to functional derangement. We cannot lessen your toil, ladies, but we can make it easier for you, by making you stronger and better able to do it. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will relieve you of nervous and other weaknesses, and all the many ills peculiar to your sex.

MADE of awl work—a pair of shoes.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot; 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cabs, stage, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

WHAT'S in a name? About the hottest country on the globe is Chili.—*San Francisco Post.*

Of all our knowledge, only a little has come to us through our senses. Nearly all that we know we accept on the testimony of others. If those who have never tried that unrivaled vegetable preparation, DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, and are suffering from dyspepsia, bilious, or other fevers, or any disorder of the skin, kidneys, or liver, or from impure blood, will receive the testimony of the thousands who have tried the Bitters, and been cured, they will be acting wisely.

COULD the man who predicts catastrophes in the money market, be called a finance seer?

VERY IMPORTANT.

A Cold in the head causes much discomfort and annoyance and if of frequent recurrence often produces serious results. The membrane of the nasal passage becomes inflamed and stopped up, an acrid and poisonous virus is formed, sores form in the head, deafness, headache, and roaring in the ears ensue and the sufferer finally discovers that he has Catarrh. This loathsome disease is by many considered incurable, but never fails to yield to the power of Ely's Cream Balm. This is an article of undoubted merit, not a liquid nor a snuff but a pleasant, cleanly and efficacious remedy which a child can use. It is applied into the nostrils where it is absorbed. It opens the passages, allays inflammation, heals all sores, cleanses and soothes the membranal linings and restores the senses of taste and smell. It gives instant relief; and a thorough treatment will certainly cure. Price 50c. at druggists or by mail.

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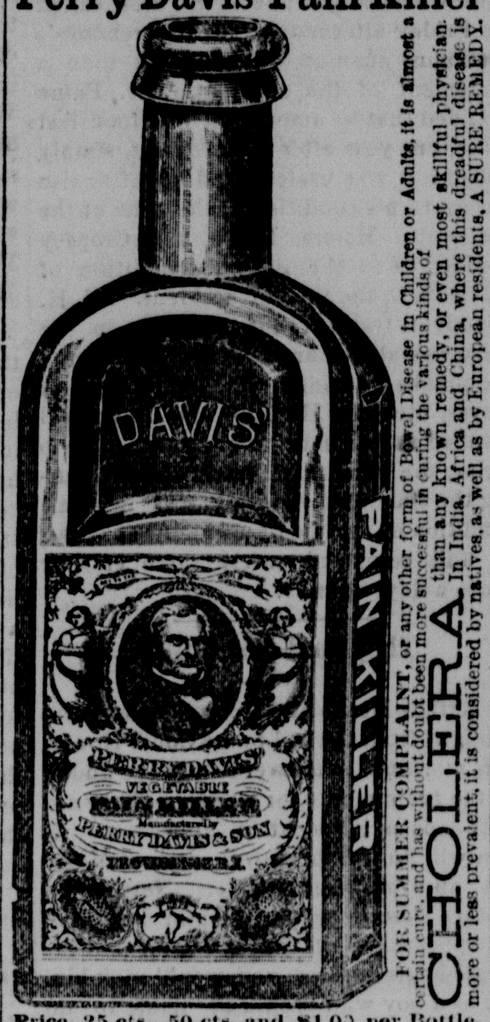

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No Words

could express the agony I endured from Rheumatism, and it was all I could do to endure it. Crippled, not able to walk or sleep, I took two-thirds of a bottle of **ATHLOPHOROS** and in a few days was well." T. E. Chatfield, 565 11th Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. Athlophoros is the only *real* cure for Rheumatism ever discovered. Ask your druggist for Athlophoros. If you cannot get it of him do not try something else, but order at once from us. We will send it express paid on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle. ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., New York.

Agents Wanted for **Life and Deeds of GEN'L GRANT** By COLONEL F. A. BURR. It contains a full history of his noble and eventful life. Introduction written by Grant's Pastor, Rev. Dr. Newman. Col. Burr's work is indorsed by Grant's most intimate friends. Send for extra terms to agents. Address National Publishing Co., CHICAGO, Ill.

M. W. DUNHAM Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois, **HAS IMPORTED FROM FRANCE** Percheron Horses valued at $8,500,000, which includes about **70 PER CENT OF ALL HORSES** Whose purity of blood is established by pedigrees recorded in the Percheron Stud Book of France, the only Stud Book ever published in that country, **EVER IMPORTED TO AMERICA.**

STOCK ON HAND: 140 Imported Brood Mares, 200 Imported Stallions, Old enough for Service, 125 COLTS Two years old and younger. Recognizing the principle accepted by all intelligent breeders that, however well bred animals may be *said* to be, if their pedigrees are not recorded, they should be valued only as grades, I will sell all imported stock at grade prices when I cannot furnish with the animal sold, pedigree verified by the original French certificate of its number and record in the Percheron Stud Book of France. 100-page Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Wayne, Ills., is 35 miles west of Chicago, on the Chicago & North-Western Ry.

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Best in the World. Get the genuine. Every package has our Trade-mark and is marked Frazer's. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ASTHMA CURED German Asthma Cure never *fails* to give *immediate relief* in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. *A trial convinces the most skeptical.* Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

DROPSY TREATED FREE.

DR. H. H. GREEN, A Specialist for Eleven Years Past,

Has treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success; uses vegetable remedies, entirely harmless. Removes all symptoms of dropsy in eight to twenty days.

Cures patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians.

From the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed.

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Remember, it does not cost you anything to realize the merits of my treatment for yourself. In ten days the difficulty of breathing is relieved, the pulse regular, the urinary organs made to discharge their full duty, sleep is restored, the swelling all or nearly gone, the strength increased, and appetite made good. I am constantly curing cases of long standing, cases that have been tapped a number of times, and the patient declared unable to live a week. Send for 10 days' treatment; directions and terms free. Give full history of case. Name sex, how long afflicted, how badly swollen and where, is bowels costive, have legs bursted and dripped water. Send for free pamphlet, containing testimonials, questions, etc.

Ten days' treatment furnished free by mail.

Epilepsy fits positively cured.

If order trial, send 7 cents in stamps to pay postage.

H. H. GREEN, M. D., 55 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

Mention this paper.

S. N. U. No. 39—85

In writing to Advertisers, please do not fail to mention this paper. Advertisers like to know what mediums pay them best.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

CHICAGO & NORTWESTERN R. R R,

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Sterling Passenger	7:02, A. M.
Pacific Express	10:35 "
Marshalltown Passenger	2:05, P. M.
leaves	2:20, P. M.
Denver Passenger	3:10 A. M.
Freight,*	8:57, P. M.
Freight,	7:47, A. M.
Freight,	1:43, P. M

GOING WEST.

Sterling Passenger,	7:42, P. M.
Pacific Express,	3:42 "
Marshalltown Passenger	leaves 12:45, "
Denver Passenger,	1:37, A. M,
Freight* (Except Monday)	5:48, A. M.
Freight,*	12:25, P. M.
Freight,	3:00, "
Freight	5:40, "

*Freights carrying passengers.
Pacific Express will run every third Sunday.
H. E. HAND, Agent.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

GOING SOUTH.

Passenger	11:10, A. M
Passenger,	3:20 "
New Passenger,	5:57, P. M.
Freight*	5:58 A.M.
Freight*	9:22 P.M.

GOING NORTH.

Passenger	2:15, P. M
Passenger,	12:37 A. M
New Passenger,	8:16 A. M
Freight*	8:15 "
Freight*	3:30, A.M

W. C. WOOLEY, Agent
*Freight trains carrying passengers.

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The largest and most complete stock of

CARPETS,
RUGS,
OIL CLOTHS,
LINOLEMENS
or CORK MATTING

ever brought to Dixon.

we guarantee every carpet to be just as represented or money refunded.

Prices the lowest of any house west of Chicago.

—H. P. Baker is in our city to-day.

—Jas. Fletcher is on our streets again.

—The Grand Detour Plow Shop will re-open on Monday.

—A number of our people visited the Oregon fair this week.

—The Rev. Howard Clapp, of Norfolk, Connecticut, is here visiting friends.

—Com. E. C. Parsons and Col. H. T. Noble left for Chicago this morning.

—Mrs. O. B. Blackman left last night for a visit with her parents in Hillsboro, this State.

—The Rockford *Gazette* gives illustrations of the elegant new Catholic church of that city.

—Wm. C. Showman and Mary E. Bird, both of Nelson, were married at the Lutheran parsonage by Rev. W. A. Lipe.

—Zion Sunday school, of Nelson Township, give a missionary concert in their church, about five miles southwest of the city, to-morrow evening.

—Wayne H. Parks was reported in a more critical condition this morning. His physician was called last night and remained with him until morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. Squres and family, of Troy, New York, arrived this evening for a visit with relatives and friends who will be much pleased to meet them.

—O. Wendel, of Clinton, Iowa, representing the Salvation Army, was in the city to secure rooms for Gospel meetings. We have not learned of his success.

—"Cleo" won first money at Oregon yesterday after a hard battle. Six heats were trotted before the race was decided. Dixon was well represented and we understand the boys came home richer if not wiser. James G., at Chicago, did not fare as well after winning the first heat in 2:28 the race was won by Omar, James G. getting second place.

Church Announcements.

M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. M. E. Cady will preach to-morrow morning on "Power" and in the evening on "The Temperance Reform.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

At the Universalist Church the Pastor's morning subjec will be "Scripture Logic.'

The evening subject: "How Systematically to Create Prosperity." All are cordially invited.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

There will be services in the Lutheran church to-morrow morning at the usual hour, Rev. Wm. Uhl officiating.

Circuit Court.

Case of Allen vs. Criffin, et al, foreclosure; disposed of promptly Friday afternoon, defendants not appearing.

In the case of the people vs Smith, charging petit larceny of pants, hats and coat, of the value of $15.00, a plea of guilty was received. Court sentenced to 90 days in the county jail and a fine of $10.00 and costs.

In the case of People vs. Philip Miller, a plea of guilty was given to petit larceny of a spool barb-wire of the value of $11.00. Sentenced by the court to a fine of $50.00 and costs and three hours in the county jail, or, to stand committed untl fine and costs were paid.

Joseph Mosse entered plea of not guilty, and Arthur Nettleton, charged with the murder of W. C. White, also plead not guilty. The Nettleton case was set for trial next Tuesday morning.

Case of Morehouse vs. City of Dixon, in which Morehouse sues to recover damages incurred by breaking his foot on a poor sidewalk in June of '84, was called up Friday afternoon. Mr. Morehouse's testimony amounted to little else than a statement of the accident. Dr. Paine testified that he amputated the foot last June, one year after the accident, simply because it was useless and painful; also described his condition at the time of the accident. Messrs. Marsh and Cropsey testified as to the general condition of sidewalk at the time of accident. W. H. Woodyatt testified that the crack in the walk was about three inches wide, and the planks forming it were nailed. Messrs Keyes, Stephan, Higgins and Rosenthal testified as to condition of street. Jacob Eglar, the blind man, testified that during the time the sidewalk was in same condition as at time of accident, he passed and re-passed safely three er four times a day, upon it.

They Said Not Guilty.

Arthur Nettle and Joseph Mosse were brought from the jail to the Court House, this morning, to answer before the Judge to the indictments for murder. They are both lads as innocent in appearance as you will find in the town. Indeed Mosse has an intelligent face. Nettleton's clothes were loose, fitting him illy, and his appearance and general demeanor indicated carelessness; you would pick him out as a boy who would be liable to do the careless shooting that resulted so fatally. Confinement appears not to agree with him and he has not that rugged farmer's boy appearance that he had when arrested. When asked the usual question on arraignment of prisoners he answered firmly: "Not guilty." He did not appear to be in the least disturbed or excited.

Joseph Mosse was not so calm though he suppressed any very marked demonstrations of nervousness, as he usually does. We might say that he, too, appeared perfectly calm, at first appearance in the court room. However, he soon indicated that he was making a great effort to suppress nervousness. This could be seen by the close observer in the continued contraction of the muscles of the throat in swollowing. When he answered to the question "guilty or not guilty" he replied, "not guilty," in an unnatural voice which evidently indicated that he is not keeping up his nerve to the firmness indicated when first imprisoned. Mosse's Attorney, S. H. Bethea, before the arraignment made a motion to quash the indictment.

Runing Bloody Gulch.

When the boys pick William Plien up for a coward they are clear off in their estimate of the sort of composition that composes the make up of his rich tutonic blood. William is not afraid of animate blood and bones and why should he be in fear of ghosts, mere "etherial nothingness." But the boys did not so understand him, and so they proposed to bet William Plien five dollars that he dare not at that time, near the hour of midnight, "when grave yards yawn," visit bloody gulch, and cross the bridge at the scene of the late murder. William took the bet with the alacrity with which a trout takes the fly on the eager angler's hook; hoping, probably, that the parties were bluffing. But, alas, for our friend, they were not, and he was really forced to assume a courage, though he had it not, and make a nocturnal visit to the lonely scene of the late horrid murder. As an assurance that he had performed his duty according to agreement and farly won the bet he was to carry in his buggy an empty beer keg and leave it there at the bridge. William started out on his night ride and as he neared the ghastly spot his courage seemed to ooze out at his very finger ends. It was for William, before finished, a fearful sort of a ride, as he himself acknowledges. As he approached Bloody Gulch visions of goblins dawned and ghostly spectres seemed to pass through his mind, and the more he thought of the matter the more he put whip to his horse, until he fairly flew over that prairie road. The ride that Tam O'Shanter took was a mere playspell in comparison. William had not, we believe, had the starter which Tam had enjoyed, though when the bet was made it might be said that

"As William gloured, amazed and curious
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious"

still he had forgotten all that about this time and when coming to the fatal bridge thoughts that seemed to harrow up his soul and "freeze up his young blood," took possession from the time that he entered "Murderer's Lane;" and when he actually arrived at Bloody Gulch "each particular hair stood on end like quills upon the fritful porcupine," and it just appeared to him that he was in the valley of the shadow.

"Where the entity and quiddity
The ghosts of defunct bodies fly."

But William tarried not by the wayside to ruminate; he used the whip to good advantage in procuring the best speed possible from his nag, and his "driving was like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi: for he driveth furiously." As he scooted over the bridge he did not forget to lighten his load by hoisting overboard the empty keg, which was actually found the next norning somewhere on the road, but near enought to the haunted bridge to win the bet easily. William Plein has been quite a hero since that wonderful ride and his saloon has had an extra run of customers who are all anxious to know how in the world he could have the nerve to run Murder's Lane and Bloody Gulch in the dead hour of night.

—There are compensations for the ills that "editors fall heir to" and this from our neighbor of the *Sterling Gazette* is an instance in point. In fear that it may be inferred from this extract that we may have been an office seeker it is due us, in copying the followin editorial, that we state that we were never appointed to an office that the honor did not come unsolicited by us; and we at one time resigned a position in the House of Representatives at Washington, which paid us annually two thousand two hundred and forty dollars. We give place to our neighbor's editorial not particularly for the advertising which it gives THE TELEGRAPH job office, but also on account of the "fine hand work" exhibited in choice handling of our "mother tongue." In short, for its literary merit Excuse our blushes while the Sterling *Gazette* talks:

"Brother Ben Shaw, of the Dixon TELEGRAPH, is a living proof to all the world that newspaper men do best when they steer clear of the besetments of office-holding. Once upon a time he yielded to strong pressure and accepted a lucrative place under the state government, the arduous duties of which interfered with that rigid, uniform and continuous application to business which is so necessary to success in the newspaper man. In the period embraced in the office-holding years, Brother Shaw's newspaper and job office didn't exactly languish, but it didn't "git up and git" as it should have done. In the lapse of time, yielding to strong pressure, he resigned that lucrative office, and behold the results! Looking no longer to an unappreciative but big-treasuried government for the lucre which buys comfort and ease, he was compelled to centralize his genius upon his chosen and honored profession, and its labors immediately were crowned with added increase of stock and store. His business hasn't jumped into a boom, but it has grown steadily, if not lustily, until now his Daily is an assured fact—plenty of subscribers and lots of advertisers; his weekly grows in favor with his people, while his job rooms have been turning out more and more and more work, until now they are taxed to their utmost. It is but a day or two since that he ordered a Hoe cylinder press—had to get it to meet demands of trade. We like Brother Shaw, and it affords us pleasure to chronicle his good luck. He don't want to be led off into the sin of office-holding any more. Let him fill the more honorable and much to be preferred position of independent editor of a successful country paper and manager of a successful country printing office. And this he doubtless will do, and the *Gazette* expects to have the pleasure from time to time of chronicling yet further increases in his business and each time it will do it with added joy; for genial, big hearted Ben Shaw merits all the good that can possibly come to him."

Stuarts' Theatre Company.

LADY OF LYONS.

The Opera House last night was packed to the doors, by the most fashionable audience of the season, many ladies being obliged to stand up during the entire performance. The drama is one that will test the abilities of the best company that play it, and last night's audience must have convinced Mr. Stuart that his company was a grand success and the talented acting of himself and his beautiful wife had gained the affection and lasting remembrance of the theatre going public of Dixon. There were over a thousand people present last night and there is but one opinion in regard to this company, and that is "it is the best we have had in many years." Edwin Stuart in the character of Claude Melnotte played with a force and dash that was irresitable. He also invested the character with a romance which exalted into hero worship. Lilah Stuart, as Pauline, the beauty of Lyons, was perfection, looking and acting the character as we have rarely seen it before. She was greeted with outbursts of applause throughout the entire play; winning golden opinions from all. The old General Damas was in the hands of that very clever actor Fred W. Barnard, who played with fine effect. Monsieur Beauseant was skillfully handled by Cary Fant. The same may be said of Deschappless and The Landlord. Madam Deschappless, by Jessie Crisp, created a vast deal of amusement. She played the character to the life. Miss Grace Warren, as the widow, feelingly portrayed the character of Claude's mother, while Manda Barnard as the boy Gssper did exceedingly well. To-night the great five act play of

"OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR HOUSE."

There is laughable negro character in this play that will convulse the audience with merriment. Secure your seats early and avoid the rush, There have been three hundred extra chairs put into the Opera House, by the manager, for to-night to accommodate the vast throng that are sure to be there. Come early. This will be the last chance to see the magnificent company.

—Rockford is much pleased with its success in boring for water. In fact our neighboring city is getting along well; as its well in the ground is now about a third of a mile long and has pressure of 14.25 pounds to the square inch. This is not nearly as great a pressure as the Chicago Democrats are making on the President for office—if we may measur the latter by hydrodynamics—"but 't is enough," as Murcurio remaked when he cooly inform a friend that his death wound was "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door."

This is a chestnut, but good: Jack (who has just treated his friend to the dinner of the establishment): "Pretty good dinner for two francs and a half, eh?"

His friend: "First rate. Let's have another."

A Novel feature in Investments

The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and uninjured?

Such a business, industry or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, merits the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has heretofore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the Ranch and Cattle business of this grea country.

Foremost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering $500,000 First Mortgage 6% 10 Year Bonds, for subscription at 90 cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the Farmer as well as the Banker, the Clerk and Mechanic as well as the Millionaire. and to all who desire to invest their savings, at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

This Company issues certificates of indebtedness in One and Five Dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased $50 of these certificates he becomes entitled to a $100 *Gold Bond*, First Mortgage, bearing 6% interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the Company's Office, at 145 Broadway, N. Y.

The remaining $50 due on the Bond being payable to the Compay in monthly installments not exceeding $5.

The bond commences to draw interest upon delivery the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a Bonus, *Free*, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of $25.

Those desiring to buy their Bonds out right for cash can do so at 10 % discount in $100, $500 or $1000 Bonds and receive one, five or ten shares of stock *Free*. The Bonds are secured by property owned absolutely by the Company, estimated to be worth $3,000,000, and this money received from sale of Bonds will be invested in Cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 80% upon the stock after paying 6% on the Bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for Prospectuses and full information to The United States and Land Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—*'The Financier.'* 824 519m3

At the Phœnix skating rink, Thursday, Friday and Ssturday evenings, the famous Ament-Nichelson combination. General skating, graceful skating exhibition, by Will D. Ament; general skating; fancy skating, by Little Tot Nichelson, (seven years old); Ament in his great musical act, playing two instruments and skating at the same time; Ament in his Laughable Character-Specialties; grand double exhibition, by Ament and Tot; general skating. Change of programme each evening. 539t4.

Punch Cigars.

For sale by sole agents.
09tf J. H. MORRIS & SON.

Try genuine Gunther's mead at Tillson & Hayden's. 490tf

We will give a reward of five dollars for the arrest and conviction of any person guilty of boring, cutting or making holes through the skating rink.
528t6 A. BACHRACH & Co.

Ypsilanti Water.

The remedy for most of the "ills that flesh is heir to," now for sale by J. H. MORRIS & SON. 509tf

House Cleaning.

C. Jackson, having returned to Dixon, is now prepared to put up stoves, change carpets, and do all sorts of house cleaning. Leave orders at Charles Cook's house

Piano Tuning.

Leave orders for Piano Tuning at Miller's Music Store. All work warranted.
533w1

Parties in want of good fits in cloth ing will do well to give Wm. Boager a call. His tailoring shop is on Hennepin street, north of Main, and we can vouch for his workmanship. He is a first class tailor.

Dressmaking.

Mrs. Bainter has removed her dressmaking shop to the rooms over Anton Julien's barber shop. 524tf.

Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

D. M. Luker, at the Nachusa House barber shop and bath rooms is always on hand and ready to serve customers

Persons desirous of obtaining the purest of wines and liquors for medical purposes, can not do better than call at the Key-Stone House Sample-rooms.
GARDNER & HALEY, Prop. 710.1

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Are now prepared to show a splendid

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CARPETS

Call and see our

New Dress Goods.

SILK VELVETS ONLY $1. YD

Ladies and Misses

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Big stock of

New Ginghams and Prints

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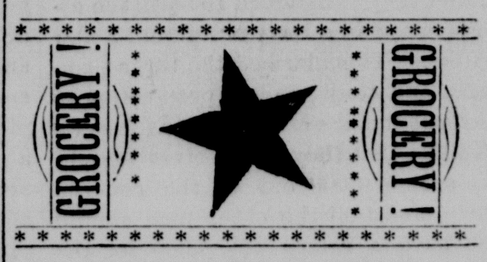

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And its **Delivery Wagon** is always on TIME. Its customers cannot but be happy, for the goods sold at

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STAR GROCERY

Are always pure, healthy and unadulterated. Corner Main and Hennepin streets. Next door to the "Town Pump."

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GOOD ROOMS on second floor; rent reasonable. Enquire at EVENING TELEGRAPH office. d461tf

PLEASANT ROOMS to rent; furnished if required.
536t8 MRS. HANNAH FISHER.

FOR SALE.

HOUSE FOR SALE. The dwelling first door north of Catholic Parsonage. Also houses for rent. D. D. O'BRIEN